THE NEW CANADIAN

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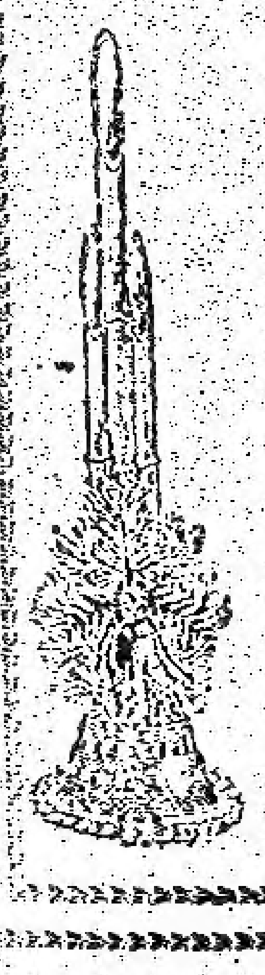
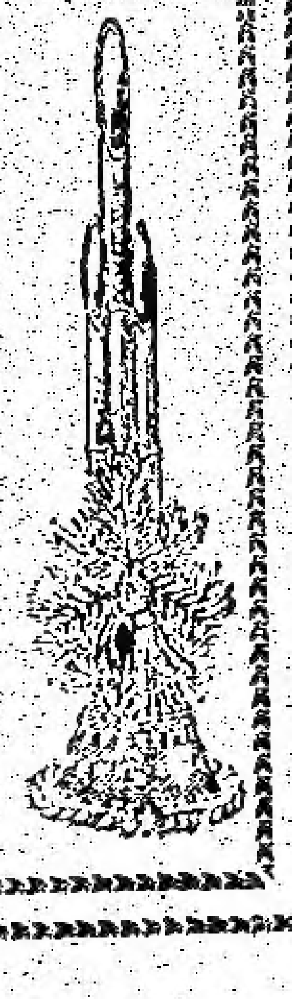
The eyes of Mary are sad tonight! Her pale slim hands are folded in prayer. Mournfully the lambs bleat in the gloom, while the donkey champs the thatch-strewn floor, pricking his ear . . . listening . . . waiting . . . expectantly! The town of Bethlehem is quiet now. And the moon hangs obscure in the eastern sky. The eyes of Mary are sad tonight! Quiescent she sits in the shadow dusk. Her arms have lain empty for two thousand years! Aye almost two thousand years it was, when He wandered down the winding pathway, no more than a child, down into the busy haunts of men. The heart of Mary is waiting tonight! Her eyes are filled with old, old dreams. Her ears are straining across the years, across the thousand miles . . . listening for that step that never sounds. He had left with a promise. "I shall come back," he had said, his face deep hid in her flowing robes. "I will come back." He had turned to wave his
hand, just where the farthest oasis loses itself on the horizon's rim. And the heart of Mary is lonely to-
night! Two thousand years is a long, long time. And where is her fair-haired Christ-child now? Weary
he must be, sad and worn . . . , gone two thousand years . . . in busy marts, in lonely towns, where
want and hunger prevail! O gentle Mary, grieve no more! Your child will return when men are wise
and kind and good. Today in many a guise, He walks rubbing shoulders with countless
men. O gentle Mary, 'twas not long past, since in the guise of a soldier I saw him
pass. Midnight it was, and London was grim. The wail of the banshee
came from the sea. And suddenly a thousand splinters fell, leav-
ing a gorging rent in the Cathedral wall. 'Twas in the
shadow of the ruined wall. He in the guise of a soldier I saw. Gently
he lifted a frightened child and tenderly (Continued on Page 16)

A Merry Christmas

A Happy New Year





A Yuletide Message from:

Hon. Seijiro Yoshizawa

Minister for Japan

I am happy to accept the invitation to contribute a message for publication in this special Christmas and New Year issue of "The New Canadian."

It is my sincere wish on this occasion that the Japanese Canadians, conscious of the flow of the blood of their ancestors in their veins, will be worthy of the rich and proud culture and tradition of their forefathers. Japan's history is indeed great and long, for on November 10th of this year the 2600th anniversary of the founding of the Empire was celebrated. I believe that the way for the Nisei to be worthy of the tradition of their ancestors is to be always loyal and faithful to their country of birth and nurture, Canada, especially at this time when she is engaged in a great struggle. In the last World War, the Japanese Canadians, not having yet attained majority, were not in a position to make their own contribution to Canada's war effort. Many of their fathers, however, besides aiding the prosecution of the war by remaining law-abiding and purchasing war bonds, volunteered to join the Canadian military force to bear arms in the battlefields of Europe.

Although narrow discriminating treatment arising from racial prejudice may act to restrict even their contribution towards the national war effort, the Nisei should be magnanimous in their willingness to discharge their duties as good citizens of Canada. They should then endeavour to organize their life and activities so that their presence in this country will be of real help to Canada in her hour of need and will strengthen the hope that reciprocally friendly relations between Canada and Japan may be maintained for the fuller ultimate realization of their common interests and aspirations to guarantee the peace and progress in the Pacific.

I conclude this message with the Christmas and New Year hope that a just and lasting peace will soon displace the widespread warfare that is now raging in this world.

. . .

LET US THEREFORE BEAR OURSELVES THAT IF THE BRITISH COMMONWEALTH LAST FOR A THOUSAND YEARS, MEN WILL SAY

"This Was Their Finest Hour".

Rt. Hon. Winston Churchill

June 18, 1940

A New Year Message from

Kenji Nakauchi

Consul for Japan

A little more than a year ago, I came to this fair city of Vancouver, and within that short period I have witnessed the perplexing problems that beset the Niseis on the Pacific Coast.

We are living in trying times. War in the Orient has intensified racial feelings. On the heels of that war has come the European war. War in the Orient has been, and rightly too, to Canadians but a distant rumble on a foreign soil. But war in the West cannot be regarded as aloof and far-distant, for it affects, in no small way, the life of the young men and women of Japanese origin who are striving to become citizens of Canada.

I have been asked to convey a message through the medium of "The New Canadian" — a message to the Niseis. What can I say as we come to the close of a year fraught with turmoil, and as we await a new year? It is this. The task of solving the multitudinous problems rests upon the shoulders of the Nisei themselves, on the degree of strength in their resolve. They are Canadian citizens, first and foremost by birth, and as such, they owe a moral obligation to the land of their birth — that of unswerving loyalty, loyalty above everything else!

I do not say that Niseis should accept fatalistically, conditions as they exist, but they must not, in laying claim to their rights, make willingness to serve in defence of their country, or anything else, the bargaining point for the franchise. The performance of military duty and the advocacy for citizenship should run parallel to each other — but they must not mingle together.

The task of the Niseis has just begun. The problems are numerous, but if they accept a tolerant attitude and render unselfish, selfless service to Canada, no matter how difficult it may be, wholeheartedly, without flinching, the problems, I believe, will eventually be solved.

May I, at this time, through the medium of this paper, wish the Niseis and "The New Canadian" itself, best wishes for a Happy Christmas and a prosperous and successful New Year.

Hiroshi Hamasaki
Prince Rupert, B. C.

Ted Toshinami Nishi
Ucluelet, B.C.

A Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year

"Emile"
Vancouver, B.C.

Mary Murakami
Ganges, B.C.

Margaret H. Inouye
Duncan, B. C.

George S. Kato
Ocean Falls, B.C.

Anthony T. Kobayashi
Okanagan Centre, B.C.

Jimmie K. Kakutani
Britannia Beach, B.C.

Mr. and Mrs. F. Tamaki
Thomas Tamaki
Sunbury, B.C.

GREETINGS . . .
and Best Wishes
K. Kadota
Englewood, B.C.

Chiuzo Adachi
Bloedel, B.C.

Walter Inouye
Port Alice, B.C.

A Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year

Mr. and Mrs. H. Onotera
Sunbury, B.C.

GREETINGS . . .
Aiko Kondo
Sty Ioi
Sam Okamoto
Mussi Okamoto
(the Ocean Falls Japanese)

A Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year

Tatsuro Suzuki
Sunbury, B.C.

Bishop Z. Aoki

Rev. and Mrs. K. Shimizu

Mr. and Mrs. T. Ohora

Mr. & Mrs. K. Yamagishi

Mr. and Mrs. K. Matsubayashi

Mrs. A. E. LeWarne

Rev. T. Tatsu

Rev. & Mrs. G. G. Nakayama

Paul Halley

Mr. and Mrs. J. F. Horisaki

R. Tagashira

Mr. and Mrs. T. Aoki

Rev. W. H. Gale

Mr. & Mrs. I. Sugiyama

Mr. and Mrs. S. Maeba

Dr. & Mrs. M. Miyazaki

Hide Hyodo

Aki Hyodo

Chiyo Hyodo

Mr. and Mrs. J. Oya

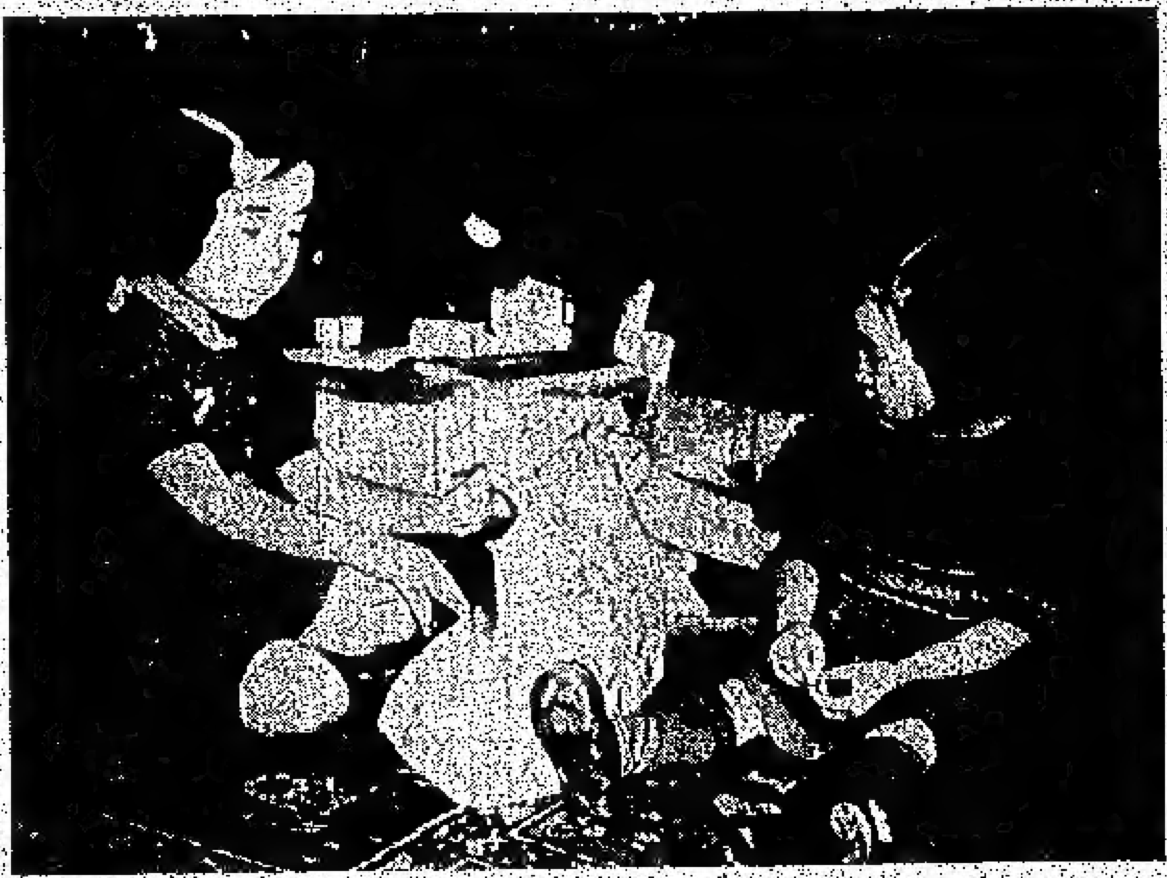
Mr. & Mrs. K. Kutsukake

Mr. and Mrs. Nobuichi Yamaoka

Mr. & Mrs. Mickey Maikawa

Mr. and Mrs. E. Kitagawa

SEASON'S



GREETINGS

Mr. & Mrs. M. Kashino

Mr. & Mrs. Y. Hamagami

Mr. and Mrs. R. Uyeno

Mr. and Mrs. R. Nobuoka

Photo by Kiyoaki G. Momose. "Oh, oh! I wonder what Santa has brought me?" This question is already on the lips of two little girls, daughters of Dr. and Mrs. Masajiro Miyazaki of 2712 Triumph Street, as they take a peek at their presents. Five-year-old Masami is undoing a parcel while her three-year-old sister Rumiko looks on intently.

Mr. & Mrs. H. Fukuyama

Yoshiko Suzuki

Ken Hayashi

Mr. & Mrs. K. Iwashita

Mr. and Mrs. H. Arikado

Harry Abe

Shigeru Ouye

Mr. & Mrs. K. Momose

Mickey S. Sato

Cecil Okawara

Jin Ide

Naotoshi Saito

Mr. and Mrs. K. Igashira

Hiroshi Okuda

Harry K. Shibuya

Robert F. Suzuki

Y. Kawata

Y. Hirano

Frank Nakamura

Michi Ashikawa

Daniel K. Washimoto

Kunio Shimizu

Tetsuji Kondo

Yuji Korenaga

John Nakashima

Steve Enomoto

T. Yasunaka

Yoshio Ichiwa

"We Must Build A Lasting Future Of Canadian Citizenship"

By HARRY NAGANOBU
National President Japanese Canadian Citizens' League

TODAY, as never before, we Japanese Canadian citizens are in a position of heavy responsibility. About us human society and relationships are in a state of violent upheaval. Old institutions, old conceptions are giving way to new. Even in the horrible art of making war, old methods are crumbling before modern means. Everyone's thoughts are changing to keep pace with today's rapidly changing events. The world is steadily becoming smaller. Nations are inevitably drawn nearer to each other because of more rapid means of communications, resulting in closer contacts and consequently, more complex human relationships. What people are doing in other continents vitally affects each one of us in this far away section of the British Empire. What happens in Europe has a direct bearing on us in British Columbia, economically, politically and socially.

In this confusing world at the hour when the Empire is being tested, we as citizens of Canada have our duties to fulfill. What are they? What must we do? What can we do? How best can we perform our duties as befitting members of the British Empire?

THERE are several things we must do. First in importance, we must, at all costs, preserve the unity of Canada; protect the home front. This is as vital to our nation as maintaining the front lines intact. For us perhaps this may be the hardest task of all, requiring unending patience and understanding and sincere effort—we may not receive immediate recognition or thanks.

What I mean is this. We have seen the methods employed to vanquish many an European nation. People who are ostensibly bona fide fide tourists turned out to be forerunners of an invading army; trusted men in key positions were quietly undermining and working for the collapse of the defensive system so that actually hardly any effectual resistance could be offered to the enemy. No one knew who could be trusted. Everyone was jittery and nervous, living in fear and suspicious of each other. Thus morale was destroyed which led to division, disintegration and, finally, the downfall of the nation.

Though on a smaller scale, this suspicion and nervous tension exists here in Canada today, especially in British Columbia. Any foreign looking person is looked upon with some doubt and misgivings. Actually, the more alien-appearing individuals are, the less effective they can be as internal disruptors because they are easily distinguishable and would be already under suspicion and surveillance by the general public.

In spite of this, a certain proportion of the Canadian people view us unfavourably. Some even burst forth with far-fetched accusations, never proven.

If we speak of an invasion, we are viewed as being dangerous; if we deny allegations, we are accused of attempting to lull people into a false sense of security; if we keep our mouths shut, we are suspected as merely waiting silently for "the day"; if we protest that we are the most law-abiding racial group of Canada, we are said to be trying to gain popular confidence with an ulterior motive in mind.

It really is hard for us, after all our efforts to further the cause of Canada to meet with more criticism, more suspicion, and more restrictions. It is discouraging for us to have our best endeavours met with distrust.

THE situation, then, is a direct challenge to us as citizens of this country. It will be a magnificent test of our honesty, our courage, our strength, our determination and our loyalty. In fact, our actions, our deeds to meet this situation will show Canada what sort of people we are, and whether we are worthy of being accepted as full-fledged Canadian citizens side by side with other Canadians and be one of them and, having fulfilled all of the duties, have all the rights and privileges of Canadian citizenship.

It will be a hard test, mind you. For each of us difficult days are ahead. All the efforts we put forth may seem to go for naught, may seem to have been futile, useless, ineffective, may pass unnoticed. This is where you, the second generation must show your courage and faith that I know you all possess. In the face of failure we must redouble our efforts. Undaunted, we must keep on striving. This requires real courage and vision.

When insult is heaped on injury, we must not bow down or give in. Be sympathetic and open-minded. Try to understand our fellow Canadian's position, his viewpoint. We must be honest with ourselves. In the present situation, this is fundamental. We cannot build a firm foundation for the future on dishonesty and deceit. Have the courage and strength to examine our own selves; find out where we are at fault, and having found it, have the character to correct or eradicate it. This is the only way we can build a lasting future of Canadian citizenship for ourselves and our children.

I know that you will behave as true and loyal citizens of Canada, even to out-do our brethren in this respect. We must be more than average citizens—we must be extraordinary citizens so that there can be no cause for questioning glances in our direction when every eye is watching us closely, looking and searching for the merest sign of any disloyal act. We must, moreover, counsel our neighbour against any unintentionally careless act which may be interpreted as an act of disloyalty, for a few careless individuals in this time of tension can bring disaster upon the rest.

I know Canada will come out victorious in her struggle and you in yours. For just as I have unlimited faith in Canada as a nation, I have faith in you as individuals — strong, courageous young men and women working with undivided loyalty for the betterment of this our Canada, our native land.

The year which we are about to face is fra fraught with stupendous possibilities. History is in the making; fortune may rise or fall with each of us. But in the main, by our own striving, by our own true resolve we can turn the year's progress to our use. The future is given to every individual to do as he wishes — to squander it or to avail himself of its unlimited possibilities.

A toast then to the New Year, Niseis! Bottoms up!

Season's Greetings To You All!

Credit is due to a large number of agents, delivery boys and correspondents through whose continued work our readers are getting their copies of the paper and news of their locality. To these Niseis we express our thanks, from them we bear their greetings to the reading public.

AGENTS AND CORRESPONDENTS

Bloedel—Chiozo Adachi
Britannia—Jimmie Kakutani
Celtic Cannery—M. N. C. Pator
Chemainus—Kaname Izumi
Cumberland—Cazuko Iwasa
East Richmond—Bill Sasaki
Englewood—O. Kunihiro
Mission—Malcolm K. Fukami
New Westminster—Kay Okihiro
Ocean Falls—Tad Hyodo
Okanagan—A. T. Kobayashi
Paldi—Cossy Asada
Port Alberni—Messrs. Tani
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Steveston—Hanako Maruse
Steveston—Saburo Hirayama
Surrey—K. Hirasawa
Victoria—Muss Okamoto
Victoria—Sam Okamoto
Woodfibre—Hideo Takeda

DELIVERY BOYS

Mitsuo Goto
Tatsuo Okumura
Toshizo Onizuka
Hiroshi Tanaka
Kazuo Yatabe

CHRISTMAS GREETINGS
AND BEST WISHES FOR A
HAPPY NEW YEAR

Vancouver
JAPANESE MERCHANTS
Association

139 Dunlevy Avenue TRinity 5197

BEST WISHES
for a
MERRY CHRISTMAS
and a
NEW YEAR OF HAPPINESS AND PROSPERITY

C. S. H. E.

Cold Comfort Intended!

BY P. V. H.

BETWEEN Christmas and New Year's Day it is a habit of civilized mankind to act like the ostrich; unpleasant facts are hidden with pious platitudes and everyone enjoys the delicious numbness got by sticking his head into the nice, warm sands of make-believe. 'Peace on earth, goodwill toward men' is a lovely motto for greeting cards; day-to-day headlines render it what it has always been — a sentiment, not a statement of fact.

So, at this very grim Christmas time, with an even grimmer New Year looming, it would seem wise for you Nisei to send out pretty greeting cards, but do some unglossed thinking. Whether you realize it or not, things do not look at all good for you and no imitation of the ostrich will alter the fact. Come to speak of it, you Nisei seem to have been acting like ostriches the year round; you have hoped that this would be done for you and wished that that wouldn't happen, and any time an issue threatened to explode you have looked the other way and imagined it wasn't there because you weren't looking at it.

I know a lot of you won't like the above remarks, but then, the doctor is never popular when his diagnosis is unpleasant. And yet, the doctor is often a mighty good friend.

THIS ostrich attitude of the second-generation seems very evident with regard to Alderman Wilson and his noisy little games. Your idea seems to be: If only the gentlemen would have a heart attack, so join the Army, or something, why, everyone around these parts would love us; all barriers would melt away and another problem would enter the history-books. But you have to get it into your heads that Alderman Wilson is a symptom, not a cause. He simply expresses, loudly and possibly for his own advantage, the fears and dislikes of a large, larger than you realize, group of B.C. people. And whether this fear and dislike is justified or not makes no difference to the fact that it exists; it is high time that you gave more attention as to why you are attacked rather than to who is doing the attacking.

NOW fear and dislike, producing intolerance, is to some extent the result of ignorance. So, many Occidentals fear and dislike the Japanese because they do not understand them; and during the past half-century there has been a horde of missionaries, scholars and others of good-will explaining, working, learning and preaching to make the opposite sides of the Pacific Ocean understand and respect each other. Certainly, some success along these lines has been achieved.

Yet, to-day, fear and dislike of the Japanese, affecting the lives of thousands of Japanese who have never known Japan, is the predominant attitude of North Americans, of British Columbians. So it seems evident that other causes, as well as ignorance, operate against you.

FRANKLY, it would seem that a major cause is the very opposite of ignorance; you are feared and disliked because a great deal is known about you. So, Nisei, brace yourselves for some unpleasant truths. (Why, oh why, does that adjective always seem to precede the worth 'truth'?)

You are feared and disliked because the country of your father's origin, Japan, is in open alliance with Germany and Italy, two powers and two systems against which Canada is pledged to war to the death. This is no fault of any of you; but many Canadians, understandably, wonder if any and how many of you rejoice at this alliance.

You are feared and disliked because Japan seems very much akin in ideals and government to an authoritarian, un-democratic state. Again, no fault of your; but, honestly, Nisei, you would be much more trusted and respected if you did not attempt to tell Occidental Canadians that Japan is a Japanese version of democracy. And there's no need to be apologetic; there is no scientific nor historic reason for supposing that a system devised and developed in one part of the earth is necessarily fitted for another part.

You are feared and disliked because of the actions of Japanese governments, presumably supported by the nation, during the past ten years. Once again, no fault of yours; but when, as has happened, some of you inform Occidental Canadians that Japan went to war with China and expelled foreign business for the benefit of the Chinese and the foreigners, you do not amuse Canadians; you insult their intelligence.

You are feared and disliked because of what, for lack of a better term, may be called your 'questionable relations' with Japan — 'dual citizenship' and the whole vague aspect of your allegiance. This is a cruel question to raise, it is natural and proper to love and value the country and culture of one's fathers; but these times are not natural and if you are not for this country you are against her.

Finally, and as importantly, you are feared and disliked because you do not do very much about clearing up the fear and dislike. Take the matter of friendship and getting together; there are many Occidental Canadians, with the kindliest and most interested intentions towards you and your possible human and cultural offerings, who simply do not know how to get to know you. It is up to you to make the first and some of the more strenuous efforts toward friendship and co-operation; it is up to you to break down your own barriers of shyness and retreat; it is you who have inherited a tradition of conservatism and formality, not the Occidentals. Mention of shyness brings up a notable reason for calling you ostriches. You have worked yourselves into a resentment — complex because you are denied a few rights in this country; admittedly it is not fair, but when weighed against the above-mentioned causes of your unpopularity, it is understandable.

And it is time that you got a healthier view-point, that you realized that, in this era of Jew-baiting and scape-goat seeking, you are one of the best-treated minorities in the world.

I know you will mutter about the vote and hunting-license when you read the last lines above, but remember, this democratic way of life has been built up slowly and painfully over a long time and its rights have been achieved at the same pace. And a right given at the whim of politicians can be easily taken away; the only right that endures is that which is earned. If you prove yourselves

(Please turn to Page 16)

Greetings for the Yuletide Season

SILK-O-LINA Ltd.

730 Granville Street MArine 4737

A Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year

UNION FISH COMPANY

GROCERIES AND PROVISIONS

469 Powell Street Highland 0335-6

Yuletide Season

Compliments of the

POWELL DRUG COMPANY

"Prescription Specialists"

399 Powell Street

SEymour 7502

Best Wishes for

A Merry Christmas

and a Happy New Year

CAMERON LAKE LOGGING CO.

711 Pacific Building

TRinity 2746

Greetings for the Yuletide Season

KOMURA BROS. Ltd.

269 Powell Street MArine 3655

A Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year

T. MAIKAWA STORES Ltd.

"A COMMUNITY DEPARTMENT STORE"

369 Powell Street SEymour 5218

A Tryst to Keep . . .

A SHORT STORY BY T.M.K.

RAYMER was queer. I sensed it the first day he came to our branch as district manager almost seven years ago. Everyone else in the office thought so too. Judging from a business standpoint he was one of the best. He gave his whole effort to the work, but socially he was a lone wolf. None of us ever saw him laugh in that jolly fashion of a man who really enjoys himself. He must have been forty or so, rather grey above the temples, with a figure as straight as a young man's . . . with more dignity, of course. Miss Whitely, one of the stenos, said that sometimes his manner was very unnatural for so handsome a man. I guess she meant that he didn't appreciate feminine pulchritude as she represented it.

Personally I thought he was a woman-hater. Once he said to me, and I don't know yet whether or not he was sarcastic, after I came to work bleary-eyed after a late night:

"Chesterton, what's the attraction that keeps you from getting a decent stretch of sleep at nights?"

His voice was cool, and his glance at me made me wish . . . oh I don't know what. A junior clerk can't very well talk back at the manager. I had an uncomfortable feeling that he was warning me. Maybe he thought my work was slipping. Anyway, why should he have a down on women and good times, even if they did keep you up after midnight? Just beause he didn't go in for it himself was no reason why he should expect everyone else to be so straight-laced.

I'VE mentioned the above because it has a great deal to do with what happened on Christmas Day.

Keith and I, with Hobson, the credit department chief, were on our way out of the office, and going down in the elevator Hobson remarked:

"Raymer's got a big box of holly and mistletoe under his desk."

Keith and I looked at each other. I whistled.

"Not the sort of thing you'd expect him to get, is it?" asked Keith.

"But mistletoe," I exclaimed in surprise, "Surely he . . . oh well, maybe someone asked him to get it."

"Might be something in that."

Hobson was just as curious as we were, but he wasn't letting on. All the way back to the boarding house I tried to figure out why Raymer should buy such festive things. You wouldn't think it such an important item to occupy a young man's mind, but somehow it did. You see, it was common knowledge at the office that he never went anywhere for Christmas. What he did that day, though, no one knew. Where on earth was he going with holly and mistletoe? He didn't seem to have any friends. It was puzzling. I dismissed it impatiently, but that night I dreamed that Raymer was hiding behind a pile of holly and mistletoe, and I couldn't get him out into the open.

I MENTIONED the dream at Hobson's next day, where Keith and I were invited to have an early dinner. We got to talking about him. Even after some of our friends dropped in later, we were still discussing him—that is my girl-friend was still wanting to know this and that about him. Then the others got curious. You know how it is when a lot of people think they are onto some mystery. They won't let go of it until they find a solution. Keith was bored, and he said so, but Janie who is his one and only cried out:

"Johnny Keith, why don't you find out for me before I die of curiosity?"

We turned to him for his answer, but he only shrugged. Then an idea came to me. Why not find out? Keith and I were the only ones, besides Hobson, from the office, so I shouted across to him. Perhaps I shouldn't have, perhaps the noise and excitement were making me do something I would regret, but at the moment I didn't care. All I wanted was to find the answer to the mystery that was Raymer.

"Keith," I yelled, "how about you and me going to wish Raymer the season's best?"

He shrugged again as if to say I was crazy, which made me obstinate. Anyway, the girls and I talked him into going with me. Keith and I were to go and nonchalantly wish the season's greetings to old Raymer, and keep an eye open for anything. When we were out into the snow, which was piling white and thick, we turned up our collars and headed west. Hobson, who is as curious as an old woman, gave us the address. I was feeling kind of sheepish now, but really there was no turning back. Funny though, Johnny got more enthusiastic as we went along. He kept on wondering what we would find had happened to the holly and stuff, was he an honest-to-gosh bachelor, and maybe we had misjudged his queerness, and all that sort of thing.

We walked about two blocks when Keith said:

"Here it is, Victorian Apartments."

IT WAS a respectable sort of place, but not too new. The main entrance was open so we just went in and climbed the stairs to the second floor, because his, Raymer's place, was 23A. The whole building was so quiet it was uncanny. The people who lived here must go out for their Christmas. Then all of a sudden we heard the murmuring of a voice. It came from 23A. With one accord we stepped closer. I don't know why we did so, but Keith and I tiptoed to the door and listened. After what seemed hours a man's voice was saying something like:

"Oh, my dear . . . . ."

Raymer! That was his voice. Who was the other in there? Obviously a woman! We couldn't hear her though . . . maybe because our hearts were going like trip-hammers. Raymer with a woman! And we thought all the time that he was a woman-hater, at least I did. Neither Keith nor I are what you'd call dewy-eyed innocents, and we aren't more sophisticated than the next fellow. But that day we were shocked. Here we had believed that our manager was above reproach . . . then what was a woman doing in his room? He had no close relative that we knew. Not for a moment did it occur to us that we were doing a bit of shameless eavesdropping. We only had thought for the perfidy of the fellow, putting on such aloof airs at the office while . . .

Our breath was coming short with excitement. We weren't thinking clearly. I, at any rate was disgusted clear through, and I wanted like anything to show Raymer up. Without knocking we burst into the room.

Ye gods! When I think of it now!

Raymer sprang up from his chair, and stood there stiffly, gaping at us. He turned sort of white, then red, before he pushed back his chair, and asked through tight lips:

"Well, gentlemen?"

Keith and I couldn't help glancing around to see if the woman was around, but Raymer was alone. Absolutely. I began with:

"Where's the lady you . . . ", but the rest of it choked in my throat, and I stood there like a fool.

Raymer turned back to the table. I followed his gaze and saw that it was decorated as pretty as any picture book setting, and there were the holly and mistletoe making a brave centerpiece or what-you-call-it. I saw that there were three places set, complete with silver and sparkling glasses. At the place opposite from Raymer's there was a photograph. It was turned this way and I saw it was the picture of a young woman, sweet-faced, but not as smart-looking as they are now. At the other place there was a small picture of a boy who couldn't have been more than six years old.

I looked at Keith, then at Raymer again. Something was wrong. Things weren't turning out the way we expected. I was definitely embarrassed, and Keith didn't look any happier. I remember scraping my feet like any guilty kid. Raymer was still standing, tense, strained, and gosh, he looked old! I felt that we ought to get out . . . and fast.

So I mumbled: "Um . . . we better get going. . . ."

THEN the tension eased and Raymer spoke, only this time he sounded more gentle and relaxed. He sat down, and motioned us to sit too. There wasn't another chair in that small room except those around the table, so I sat in the one where the picture of the woman was placed, and Keith took the Boy's place. We kept our eyes on Raymer and listened closely.

His voice was low.

"Since you boys have seen this, I don't suppose there is any use in keeping it secret any longer. I am having dinner with my family."

My first thought was that he had become unhinged, but he went on with a slight smile towards me:

"No, Chesterton, I am not crazy as your looks imply. This . . . (and here he waved his hand over the table) . . . is an annual custom with me, thus to have dinner with my wife and my son. I've done it for the past ten years. Always at seven-thirty. We used to make a point of that. This, too, was her favorite way of decorating the table, and because I know no other way I always get holly and mistletoe every year. As for the dinner, I have a caterer send it up. Ten years ago tonight, this table was as you see it. She had it ready before she went with Teddy . . . that's my son . . . to distribute some gifts among her friends and Teddy's . . . and mine. She was the most considerate of women, but she knew I did not mind waiting while she took those presents around. That night I waited. The Hospital phoned. The car had smashed on that icy highway. I called a taxi, but it crawled. I was late. I never saw either of them alive again."

His voice died away. The room was horribly still.

I don't know how Keith took this, because I didn't take my eyes from Raymer. After awhile he rose from his chair, and came around to where I sat. I wondered what he was going to do next. He had the decanter in his hand, and he poured the rich red wine into the glass by the plate. When he filled the one by Keith. We watched, fascinated. Raymer went back to his place and motioned us to stand. When we had, he picked up his glass; we picked up ours . . . and in the tenderest voice I ever heard he said:

"Gentlemen, a toast! My wife and my son."

It was the bitterest toast I ever drank.

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The Second Generation Short Story . . .

In the field of short story writing, the Nisei is represented by a mere handful of manuscripts — manuscripts which would neither excite the critic with latent promise nor cause him to tear his hair at the presumptuousness of embryo writers. If one were to approach this meagre output of creative writing with the critic's set of rules — an eye for perfection in plot construction, characterization, tonal value of each phrase or word, then Nisei writing is not much more than mediocre. But if one approaches these works with a certain tolerance, a friendly understanding and a mind "set" to probe beneath the actual written words, he would find Nisei stories, such as they are, pregnant with meaning.

It matters not what theme is selected, what manner of technique is employed, what message is being conveyed, the Nisei short story reveals more than what happens to the hero or heroine. When Peter Adamic, in *The Time Will Come*, writes of Masao, the hero:

> Self-exiled or otherwise, Masao was definitely a social outcast. At least he considered himself so. But he didn't know exactly why. "Oh why, O why was I ever born? Why did God make me a black-and wirehaired kid?" He thought bitterly as he tossed in bed trying to reconcile himself to the fact that he was exotic, that he was Japanese. Night after night he went through the same queries, the same torture . . .

This is not the rebellious, puzzled cry of Masao alone. It is the universally common cry of the alien child who, in one sharp, cruel moment, finds he is different and is set apart. It is the torturing question which rises to the lips of the Nisei at one time or another, not because he is ashamed he is Japanese, but because the impact of the humiliation he suffers at the hands of his tormentors is more than he can bear. His world, a pleasant one, had come tumbling down! The Nisei themselves may deny this fact vigorously — but it is there. And it is brought to light in Nisei writing.

The story of Kimiye in *Let Her Keep Her Dreams* by Eiko Henmi, is not the story of Kimiye only. It is the story of the countless Harukos, Mitsuyes, Taros that people the Japanese community — those who make up the younger, Canadianized Japanese generation — torn between respect and desire, ever at loggerheads with the older generation. Whether the fault lies with the young, the untried, the rebellious, or with the old who cling tenaciously to the customs of another era — that is not the question. The question is the existence of that perpetual problem, casting dark shadows in the life of the growing generation. Kimiye's thoughts, her inner conflict is thus recorded:

> Suddenly feeling she was not alone, Kimiye turned around to find her mother standing behind her, as of old, not commanding, not crying, but all the five feet of her—resolute, unyielding, uncompromising. She remembered the countless times her little-girl hands had battered against that heavy-black skirt, and how her hot tears had tried to break down the wall which seemed always to be between her and her mother, like a wall dividing good from evil. In the end the child, Kim, used to give in, and run away by herself to cry out her anguish and her heartbreak alone because mother was always right."

Thus, in the short story, the unexpressed is given expression. It is here, in this small leaf of closely written manuscripts that the innermost reactions, hidden from the ordinary eye, are caught and held for the world to see.

It is interesting to note, too, that the Nisei writer has a type hero — a Byronic hero, not so tall of stature as the one emphasized in the Horror Tales, but with straight, black hair and slanted eyes. The stories are peopled with sensitive creations, rebellious, philosophical, frustrated, and definitely introspective. And what these sensitive people do is characteristic of Nisei heroes. A sensitive creature meets with environment. There is conflict. And conflict is always psychological, expressed mentally rather than physically, [illegible] against a protagonist, or protagonist beyond their control. Thus the outcome, naturally is not a happy one. True, there are odd moments of lashing humour, but these are few and far between. Throughout the whole group there persists an undercurrent of sadness which is typically Nisian. But curiously, despite this sadness, the theme is never fatalistic, morbid or despairing. The Nisei Byronic hero forever strives toward an ideal, or reconciles himself with a wise resignation to things as they exist, or where Death is the choice, it is either a moral victory, or death in order to ease the life of another.

In *The End* by a young writer, Sumiko Iwamoto, the hero possesses these qualities. He is a painter threatened by blindness, yearning to paint the one great picture.

> If only he could shake off the wretched burden of his mind for the space of a few precious hours so that he could paint one last picture before it is too late. Just one more picture, please God of something worth while!"

Then the chance is given to him. He realizes that even if his whole life were devoted to painting he would never equal the picture he has painted. What was blindness? Even Death?

> In that rich moment, he was overcome. Let the future now advance with her protentous doom!

In *The Escape* by Miyo Ishiwata, heavier in touch and grimmer in theme, Yoshio, the albino, chooses death with the resoluteness of maturity. His death is prompted, by both a desire to break away from the fetters that bind him to a life with pink eyes and white hair, and a wish to ease the grieving of his mother over his weird appearance.

> There was no escape from it! Gradually it began to dawn on him that fate left him but one course to follow. At first such a plan seemed absurd. The mere suggestion of it left him cold. Then he felt a little sad and lonely. And yet he sensed this sudden urge did not come solely from fear; rather it was a voice which hovered so close to him, he began to find solace in it.

And gradually the idea grows and in his ironically encouraging words to his mother, he seals his doom.

> "Now, don't forget, Mom, remember what happens, you just forget about the whole thing. You see, Mom, when a boy reaches my age, he hates to see his mother and father make such a fuss, you understand, don't you? For a minute he was disappointed because his mother's perception could not penetrate beyond his words, but on second thought he was glad because he sensed that it should be this way. It was the best way out of all concerned. Besides he dreaded pity, for it was the last thing on earth he wanted.

Death is not always the solution. At times, out of suffering, the hero emerges, girded with courage, striving towards an ideal state of affairs. The heroine of *The Parting of the Way*, by Kay Sasaki, out of heartbreak, cries:

> "Must we always come to the parting of the way? Must we always work toward an unseen goal? Must we always walk on the harder road? Please someday, help us to travel with our Canadian friends . . . not to go our different ways; youth, life and happiness are just before us."

And yet this self-same child, out of whose mouth the rebellious note pours forth, turns, and with tolerance and courage, says to little Emmie, who too, has ex-

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A Reflection of the Nisei Personality

* * *

ith rebuffs, and who turns to her with the tearful ry: "She won't forget me, will she?"

"Of course she won't forget you, Emmie."

Chiyo, the down-to-earth rebellious maid-of-all-work of *Reveries of a Houseworking Girl* by "Cinderella," voices the characteristic note of resignation. But is not resignation of the kind connected with despair. It is resignation, yes, but one wise and practical, arrived at after much meditation and weighing of values. Instead of losing her sense of balance, she seeks solace among people like herself. She meditates:

> Chiyo was thankful she hadn't spoken to Mrs. Blackston about leaving. If she had left, she'd have had to find work all over again — perhaps in a place worse than the one she had now. And anyway, as soon as she saved enough — then perhaps Minoru would be ready too! With this happy thought close to her heart, she turned out the kitchen light and went quietly to her room.

The characteristic note of hope, which is sounded over and over again in this collection of short stories, is strikingly revealled in *The Time Will Come*. Masao sinks to the gutter, but at the end, he rises to the heights, his faith re-born, for he says:

> "We are in the same predicament as the Jewish people. We've got to surmount the barriers of discrimination, just as the Jewish people have done, and make a success of our lives! The generation after us are depending on us! We must sacrifice our wishful thinking of a Utopian millennium, and instead, get some action. We must work not only for the betterment of our own economic political and social positions, but for theirs too!

A moral victory is won.

There is something startlingly similar between the Nisei personality and the brain-children of Nisei fiction — startlingly similar in character and in the manner in which they cope with environmental forces. Here is no mere creation of the imagination — it is imagination girded by truth. The sensitive girl, Masao, the albino, Chiyo, the painter — they are the mouthpiece of the Nisei. They record those deep emotions and thoughts which are inarticulate but deep in the soul of every Nisei. In this lies the significance of Nisei writing.

Much criticism has been made in respect to Nisei characterization and theme. Characters have been labelled as femininely idealistic, and typed; the sentimental and constantly harping on the gloomy side of life; the style too puerile and full of "purple patches." It is true the theme of frustration is sounded over and over again. It is true that the style at times becomes style for the sake of style alone. It is true that characters are idealistic. But in defence, this much must be granted. The Nisei writer works with whatever material he lays his hands upon, whatever experience he has undergone. It is a small sphere, and limited — and if he, in that little world has offended the sensibilities, it must be remembered that he offends on the side of truth, aided by his feelings and his sincerity.

In direct contrast to the idealistic vein are two stories by Nisei writers, interesting because the style is more matter-of-fact robust and vigorous. Curiously, when the writer departs from the Nisei world as he lives it, and attempts to portray events or charcters of one remote for his own, the style becomes virile, the theme light, with touches of homour, the treatment more coolly detached.

The Old Lady, a characterization by T. M. Kitagawa is an excellent piece of detached writing, clear cut and hard. The powerful effect is gained, not so much from any single excerpt, but the gradual cumulative march of events which become more and more clear-cut as it approaches the end.

One of the most promising writers, Mark Toyama, in *His Best Friend*, a story of a doublecross, brings a kind of freshness new to Nisei writing. There is something conversational, something ingratiating in his style, which captures his listeners in spite of themselves.

> "Hiya, Shu! I called on you but you weren't in. Going to a show?" And I looks meanful-like toward the dame. Shu grins weakly and says, "Yeah" and is ready to say "Goodbye, run along" to me, but I stand there grinning so he has to introduce me to the Jane.

The Nisei is versatile.

Nisei writing is not only concerned with depicting life, and with giving insight into Nisei personality. Let the careful student of embryo-fiction scan the closely written pages, and he is certain to find indications of future literary possibilities.

Throughout their fiction, there are descriptive passages of rare poetic beauty. Sumiko Iwamoto writes:

> Fiercely he tried to avoid it, but the oncoming night clutched at him relentlessly with its talons of chilling remembrance.

And the close is an example of classic simplicity:

> Then the black, swirling darkness rushed upon him. The dancing mist of the glorious sunrise, the bursting sunshine and the twinkling stars vanished and the darkness of blindness sealed his eyes forever. But there was no pain, no wild rebellion, only a haven of supreme content.

In the final description of the old lady, M. T. Kitagawa, has achieved an ivory-like polish which rounds off the character of the hypocritical soul who left a trail of broken hearts behind her.

> Except in the immediate family, no one mentioned the trail of unhappiness she had spread around her. All that was forgotten in the flamboyance of her generosity to the church and needy imposters. Only her dependants remembered the ruthless temper of the old lady, her bland disregard for their likes and dislikes, and how she had squandered in her later years the fast disappearing fortune.

The power of suggestion is quite marked in Nisei writing. The writer by a short word, or phrase, will suggest a wealth of ideas, which are more potent than long discources or descriptions. T. M. Kitagawa employs this technique in *The Old Lady*.

> The village Grundys wagged their tongues in vain. She merely sniffed at them her scorn, and slaved harder than ever. So did the poor husband. One day he gave up trying to follow this magnificient wife. He died.

Symbolism of a kind, too, has found its way into Nisei fiction. It is not always successful, but the "feel," the sense for artistic technique is in evidence. In *Let Her Keep Her Dreams*, Eiko Henmi attempts to suggest the cessation of turmoil in a girl's soul by a description of a natural storm's subsiding.

> "Goodbye, Min! Goodbye, Beloved! I'll stick," she whispered and she stepped out of the door and across the lawn. The laurel leaves on the hedge were shining and water dripped from the bare branches of the fruit trees. A clouded moon swung into the sky. The storm had ceased.

Indeed, when discussing Nisei fiction from a literary standpoint, certain reservations must be made. The time is not yet ripe to measure their work with the same yardstick as that used to measure a Wilbur Steele or a Katherine Mansfield. Steele and Mansfield — they give out of the richness of years of experience; the Nisei give out of their narrow world. For the present, it is enough to say that in their small way, the Nisei story-tellers are "holding the mirror up to nature." As the Nisei grow up in years and in experience, so will their fiction rise above the narrow fetters which bind it, for as a man thinketh, so is his writing.

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OYAMA-SADA

Amidst yellow and white chrysanthemums a beautiful ceremony united Alice Ayako Sada, only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Kizayemon Sada of this city, with Albert I. Oyama, eldest son of Mr. and Mrs. Masakazu Oyama also of this city.

For the wedding the bride wore a beautiful, gorgeous, etc. etc. . . . . .

. . . . (and so they were married) . . .

and the world is notified.

Girls read carefully about the bride and her equipage which are described in detail and with adjectives garnered with wild abandon from the Thesaurus while boys skip lightly through and cynically observe, (because it is expected of them) that another good man has made the fatal error. A few blase pretenders grunt that the preservation of the species is one more unit advanced and one or two of the more observant notice the very misleading phrase slipped in apologetically at the end of the article to the effect that the groom was present and was "held up" by his brother acting as best man . . .

However, even the most caustic cynics realize that there hangs above them a Damocles sword of marriage and that there is a surplus of marriageable girls who like relentless Time are armed with scythes. So it is well to consider co-operating with the inevitable and facing the problem realistically. As in all problems there are the questions, who, where, when, how, why, to tackle. The last question must be dismissed as unanswerable. The question 'where' is also needless because like the cemetery plot it does not really matter. Thus the questions who, when and how remain and in the life of the Nisei the 'who and how' are most difficult to solve.

The question 'when' may be taken next. Aristotle the Greek sage recommended that the man of thirty-seven marry a woman of twenty. He wrote that "woman is to man as slave is to master" and that "man is the superior, woman the inferior — one rules, the other is ruled." Yet wisely Aristotle recommended the great plurality of age for the man as if to give him an indispensable advantage. The reason is easy to see. Aristotle was a married man.

Modern opinion, candid and discarding pretenses, recommends marriages of twenty six-seven to twenty and twenty-ones. Aside from age, the question comes down to the mundane level of whether one can afford to support a wife or not and that, in the last analysis, is the most important question. It must be solved by the man and no help can be given nor expected . . .

Who and how, as mentioned before, is a particularly difficult problem for the Nisei. Before attempting to go into the style and manner of Nisei marriages we must hearken back to the style of marriage as practised in Japan.

Let us go back and take Ayako and Albert and place them in Japan. Albert may live in Shinjuku and Ayako in Kanagawa. Albert's mother feels that her son should be married now and so she scurries to a few friends and gently asks them to be on the lookout for a bride worthy of her stalwart, obedient son . . . Ayako's mother has also asked a few of her friends to be on the watch for a good husband. The friends of both families become prospectors and the hunt is quietly on. As fate would have it one friend meets another and the conversation is suddenly made interesting when both find out that the other has a good prospective half of a marriage combination . . . the strike is made . . . Both prospectors hurry home in order to assay the find and the investigation then goes underground. Both families inquire in the other's neighborhood about the character of the boy or girl and of course unless there is something seriously wrong all neighbors give the benefit of the doubt to both parties. . .

* * *

The family record of both parties is looked in so that there is no stains on the family escutcheon. Then with the results of this Gallup poll the balance sheet is considered . . . Meanwhile Albert Ichiro and Alice Ayako may be unaware of the turbulence that seethes around them tho' it is hard to believe . . .

Everything being mutually satisfactory, Albert is informed that a beautiful girl has been found . . . Japan Alberts usually take it in their stride but if this particular Albert is a wary, finicky, man-from-Missouri type, then he may do a dastardly thing, he may demand a "sneak preview" . . . So pulling strings they manoeuvre Ayako-san into the third booth or table of some conveniently crowded cafe and the inconspicuous Albert gives her the once-over . . .

The fear of such situations may be the reason why Japanese girls eat so rarely in public.

Albert may then return home jubilant and the time has come for Albert and Ayako to meet each other. One of the most popular places for the Ayako and Albert to meet is between acts of the Kabuki shows. Perhaps after the 2nd act the two are introduced to one another by the go-between and the atmosphere is dynamic to say the least. There follows a round robin of bows with Ayako-san taking the honors in the number of bows and Albert bows a few times and then tries his best to look manful. He is matched in Thespian effort by Ayako's becoming modesty and sweetness. The last act of the show may have started and the 47 Ronin may be committing mass hari-kiri on the stage, however, greater drama is being unfolded in the foyer . . .

FREQUENTLY the first meeting takes place when Albert goes to Ayako-san's home for tea, in which case Ayako-san has the advantage of peeking through the slit in the sliding door. Ayako-san, arrayed in her finery serves tea. Amusing tales are told of shaky tea-pots pouring tea into still shakier cups and of excited damsels exuberantly pouring gallons into tiny tea-cups . . .

Albert then courts his lady and their courtship is idyllic for both aim to please. Albert imagines himself as the most important of the two by virtue of being a young man (and so being quick to hope!) and Ayako-san humbles herself for she knows well that after the marriage vows Albert will bring his

* * *

A Poem for Christmas

CANDLES

I love tall slim candles . . .
alchemy in taper'd form!
Softening the harsh lines, the etched lines
the faded rose . . .
the garish red of colour
smear'd bravely to hold back futility . . .
Calling back the rose!

—E.H.

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A Nisei Philosopher in his own right looks at the age-old problem of a man with a maid as it comes to pass in the Nisei world, and comes to certain conclusions.

* * *

. envelope to her and Ayako is the realist who [kn]ows that whoever controls the purse strings wields [the] most influence.

And so the time comes for their marriage but the [cer]emony is not in the Occidental fashion. They have [a n]akado. The nakado is the one who fostered their [woo]ing and marriage. In the parlance of boxing he [is] the third man in the ring. The nakado however [is a] married man and the wife shares in the term [na]kado. They must be respectable citizens and pre[fer]ably well-seasoned warriors in the trials of married [li]fe. The nakado is the one who hurries with oil for [th]e troubled waters in Albert and Ayako's life. He [sit]s and metes out judgments and Ayako-san must heed [th]e words of her nakado more than the words of her [par]ents. The nakado is therefore an honored per[son] in the marriage setup and the two who are mar[rie]d under their benevolent auspices (the benevolence [doe]s not take over the expense of the marriage) are [un]der long obligation to them. The nakados are [call]ed now and then in the course of the happily mar[ri]ed life of Ayako and Albert.

But the Nisei . . . Oh (!)

NISEI Ayako has been fed on Hollywood endings, the flapper vote, Kathleen Norris and advice to the lovelorn. Likewise Nisei Albert imagines him[se]lf riding out of the west on a flaming steed and [sw]eeping the girl off her feet with love and kisses. [Th]e accepted form of Japanese marriages thus becomes [ob]noxious.

So a compromise is found with the Nisei Albert [ca]lling, wooing and winning Ayako in accepted West[ern] fashion. But once either one is suspected of [seri]ous intentions the character of the girl or boy is [inv]estigated and the family background is ascertained [b]y looking up the records in Japan. Ayako-san is [m]ore interested in making Albert propose to her [r]omantic satisfaction . . . Once that is over the parents [a]re allowed to come in and fuss over the wedding [a]s much as they wish and what they wish is a nakado. The nakado in these days is merely a figurehead and [th]e married two are left to their own battles, unless [o]f course something cataclysmic occurs . . .

SIMPLE as the compromise sounds, difficulties have come up and many a heart has suffered through the disapproval of the parents. It is a problem that [mu]st be solved individually. One of the features which [sh]ould be dispensed with is the "yuinoh." This is a sum of money which is taken by the groom to the family of the bride-to-be. It varies of course with the means at the disposal of the youth and with it the bridal vestments may be bought. The Japanese custom is for the bride to come into her new home with her clothes, the knicknacks of the kitchen perhaps and above all the futons for the household. The Nisei offshoot of this particular custom is for the bride to move into her new paradise with the Western hope chest and with the counterpart of the futon—a new double bed!

The trouble is that in cementing the agreement in Western Fashion an engagement and wedding rings are necessary while to compromise the older folks the 'yuinoh' is needed. The young man is thus forced to spend double the sum.

In our small community, the 'keeping up with the Jonses feeling' is the worst feature of weddings. A youth who wishes to marry must have a strong bank account and he must be prepared to see it vanish. Many a couple has sworn that their wedding shall be quiet and economical only to find themselves in the mist of an elaborate affair.

A white wedding in town usually costs in the neighborhood of $400 and that is considered cheap . . . And after marriage and the honeymoon and setting up house the couple run the chance of being in debt for a long, long time.

TO make weddings more economical a movement is under way in Steveston which will make Nisei history. It may be duplicated all up and down the Pacific coast where the same troubles are felt. But the greater worry of the parents is the evident numbers of marriageable girls and the lack or elusiveness (or both) of eligible males. At conferences, meetings and "kais" the same subject is discussed.

It is charged that some males prefer to get their brides from Japan because the Japanese trained girls are more obedient and trustworthy. The Nisei girls reply that they are better fitted to be the wives of the Nisei in every way and that they are just as responsible and truthwrothy, but they feel that women have their rights . . . Perhaps if the girls were to abandon their views completely and stump on a obedience and servility platform the results may be amazing. For after marriage the Japanese trained girl-bride and the Nisei girl-bride enjoys the same power, the only difference being that the Japan trained bride is more tactful. Of the younger Nisei the trend is to place the woman on the American pedestal and marriage is considered in precisely the Western fashion. "For better or for worse", to quote the ceremony.

ONE must not think that the Japanese style of marriage is the only kind of marriage in Japan. Lately the Western fashion of wooing, winning and wedding has invaded Japan and a fated couple may meet on a golf course without photographs, nakados and other apostles preceding them. Nor must one think that the old style marriages were not right. The go between form of marriage had as much chance, if not more, of turning out happily as the love marriages.

For as Schopenhauer says: "Love is just a deception practiced by nature to attain her end—that of propagating the species" and "Nature does not seem to care whether the couples are forever happy ever afterwards or not." Schopenhauer is of the opinion that if "men would but recognize the snare that lies in a pretty face the whole absurd comedy of reproduction would end."

But all philosophers do not agree and Santayana's words will let us end on a high optimistic note.

"We commit the blotted manuscript of our lives more willingly to the flames when we find the immortal text half engrossed in a fairer copy."

The final words may be "Go ye out and do likewise . . . for better or for worse."

* * *

A Poem for The New Year

SHIKAI DOBO

Yomo no umi Mina harakara to Omo yo ni
Nado namikaze no Tachi-sawaguran.

ALL MEN ARE BROTHERS

Surely in this world men are brothers all,
One family!
Then why do winds and waves on all the seas
Rage stormily?

—Emperor Meiji, 1904

Compliments of the Season

Fairview Young Men's Buddhist Association
715 West 7th Avenue

Canada League of Young People's Buddhist Associations
604 Cordova Street

Japanese Church of the Four-Square Gospel
546 Powell Street

Teachers' Federation of Buddhist Sunday Schools

Kitsilano KOYUKAI
1672 West 1st Avenue

OFUKAI Hompa Students' Club
600 East Cordova Street

Japanese Students' Club
University of British Columbia

Japanese Alumni Association
University of British Columbia

MERRY CHRISTMAS
and
BEST WISHES for 1941
from

The GAKUYUKAI

and its component organizations including:

- HOKUTOKAI
- SANICHIKAI
- JIKYOKAI
- MEIROKAI
- CHICHIBUKAI
- KEIYUKAI
- YUHIKAI
- NISSHINKAI
- SHISEIKAI
- KOKIKAI
- FUYOKAI
- TAIWAKAI

to

TEACHERS, MEMBERS AND FRIENDS

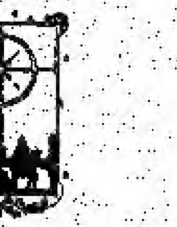
FUKUOKA SEINENKAI
249 Princess Avenue
Vancouver, B.C.

OKAYAMA SEINENKAI
Vancouver, B.C.

KORYO SEINEKAI
143 Dunlevy Avenue
Vancouver, B.C.

CHRISTMAS ON THE STEPPES . . . 1917

(Inspired by a scene from the film, "Balalaika")



I

The chill of the night had blackened the steppes,
the trenches had frozen and cracked with the cold;
Christmas was here, the sharp air was still,
as men held their breath in tense unbelief
that friend meets foe on the battlefield.

II

The sentry, a peasant, stands at his post,
bitter his cold and bitter his heart;
his comrades, too, mutter threats in their beards:
"This land is ours! Each to our own!"
But 'round a make-shift, lighted tree the Cossacks crouch,
soft their eyes with dreaming, thoughts remembering;
red-lipped Sasha, laughing, teasing;
Tanya swaying, Olga's kisses, Katinka dancing;
clinking glasses, rousing regimental songs . . .
. . . and he, Peter Karagin, prince of them all,
leaps to his feet, his tin-cup high:
"A toast! A toast to victory!"

III

Wistfully crooned the soldiers then,
the hymn they knew in the distant past,
and silent honoured the birth of the Christ.
The silence wavered . . . a song arose . . .
the men stood still with shock:
"The Austrians! They sing for us,
their Christmas a fortnight past!"
Eyes met eyes in wonder; sharp the sting of tears.
Then out of the hut filed all the Cossacks,
humble, bare-headed, to stand in the falling snow,
listening to the singing of foemen friends:
"Silent night! Holy night!"
. . . and he, Peter Karagin, sang with the Austrians,
forth went his voice to the enemy trench;
"All is calm, all is bright!"
Silent the Cossacks,
Silent their men.

IV

The peace is shattered; a telephone rings:
"Over the top at the zero hour,
sharp at the stroke of nine."
. . . and he, Peter Karagin, paled to his heart:
"General, 'tis Christmas . . ." no further he got.
He glanced at his men, their eyes disbelieved
"'Tis Christmas! The Austrians, they sang for us!"
"Over the top at the zero hour,
blast out the nests of our enemy friends,
blast them to hell but God save their souls,
our Christmas they knew, and sang for us too!
Damn you Austrians! Heaven forgive us all!
Victory be ours! . . . *Christmas, they sang for us.*"

V

Die, die, you mortal flesh,
crumble to earth and mingle with dust;
die like the craven, fear in your heart:
"Mamashka, don't let me die!"
Die like the hero, death in your heart:
"Natasha, you devil, see you in hell!"
"God and Holy Russia!" the Cossacks fighting cry;
thrust at the foe, thrust by them too.
The peasants had naught of the Cossacks' creed,
but peasant to peasant, life for a life,
grappled, and cut, and choked in their blood:
"Ai-ee, Mamashka, I come!"

VI

Behind the lines of the fighting men,
back in the towns and villages grows
the red rolling flame of hate and revolt
of ignorant, starving, frenzied serfs,
like dumb beasts aroused, and 'mazed at their strength,
to ravage the land, this Czarist state:
"No more of Czars, no more of chiefs!
Landless we rule this land of our bread!"
Then peasants desert the bloody front,
but bloodier run the streets and the squares
with the savage lust of a maddened mob.

VII

. . . and he, Peter Karagin, bowed down his head,
glazed his eyes and anguished his heart;
saw not the forms of his fallen men,
saw not the smoke of cannon fire,
heard not the din of bursting shells.
"Home of my fathers, land of the Czars,
stronghold of Cossacks, moujik and prince,
turn you now from your freeman sons?
Retreat, withdraw, and victory not ours?
Holy Ikon, this cannot be!
The Little Father slain, my own family gone,
Marshanka . . . lovely Marshanka,
art levelled too by the scythes of hate,
stilling the song in thy golden voice?
Why stand I here, wherefore fight?
The heart is fled from the battle's zest!
. . . then shall I die for a cause not mine,
Russia, my Russia . . . *Oh my God, I know you not!*"

—Dana

A Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year

Kagoshima Kenjinkai
Vancouver, B.C.

PRINCE RUPERT JAPANESE ASSOCIATION
P.O. Box 103
Prince Rupert, B.C.

Nippon Anglican Young People's Ass'n.
Prince Rupert, B.C.

Japanese Canadian Youth Organization
Prince Rupert, B.C.

Great Central Koseikai
Great Central, B.C.

Terra Nova Doshikai
Eburne, B.C.

Fraser Mills Japanese Association
Fraser Mills, B.C.

CONSOLIDATED FARMERS of the FRASER VALLEY
Mission City, B.C.

A Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year

Kelowna Nisei Club
Kelowna, B.C.

Regina Shinyo-Kai
Regina, Saskatchewan

Mission Seinenkai
Mission, B.C.

CHEMAINUS District JICHIKAI
Chemainus, B.C.

Royston Aiyukai
ROYSTON LUMBER COMPANY
R. R. No. 1 Cumberland, B.C.

Japanese Canadian Citizens' League NATIONAL EXECUTIVE

VANCOUVER Chapter J.C.C.L.
Vancouver, B.C.

VICTORIA Chapter J.C.C.L.
Victoria, B.C.

Greetings for the Yuletide Season

Delta - East Richmond - Surrey Chapter J.C.C.L.

Best Wishes for the New Year

Steveston Japanese Canadian Citizens' Association
STEVESTON, B.C.

Father Santa Claus

By Sumiko Iwamoto

SHOULDERS drooping, he paused once more before the ship models in old Fuzzy Henderson's shop window. Once more he looked longingly towards that familiar corner in the cluttered window space and suddenly a cold alarm raced through him. The "Caspian" wasn't there!

"Well, well, is it you Jimmy?" And there stood old Fuzzy himself at his doorway, smiling at him and looking just like Father Time. "Want to come in and inspect what's left, son?"

He certainly didn't feel like going home so he stepped into the dim, warm shop.

Of course, it must be still here, somewhere. Nobody could have . . .

"And why are you sniffing about, so suspicious like? Ah now," a twinkle in those old eyes. "Did you write that letter off to Santa Claus?"

"There isn't a Santa Claus!" Didn't Fuzzy know that himself? Then why was he looking at him with that funny expression on his face and why was he so quiet, not answering at all? Then he couldn't stand it any longer.

"I know all about Santa Claus now. Santa's only my dad. I saw him last night, all dressed up just like Santa and mother was laughing at him and telling him that he made the best Santa in the world. Now I'll never get what I want for Christmas. I'll never get it now!"

Then Fuzzy was patting him on the head and he was actually crying just like brother Dick, the big cry-baby! He checked himself fiercely.

"Well, now, I wouldn't say that there's no Santa in the world. A King Santa, I mean. Sure, and your Dad's a Sir Santa, ah—er, the good knight Sir Santa himself, one of those hundred knights of the—Christmas table. The King can't do all the work, you know, and the knights help him. That's it!"

But Fuzzy didn't know that he had broken the beautiful "Revenge" just last week and dad had promised that he'd never get another ship for his collection, no matter how much he wanted one.

THEN Fuzzy was sighing and straightening himself. "I'm going to look in on my sick neighbour now. No customers today, it look like. Guess everybody's got all the ships they want. You just stay and look around as much as you want to, lad, and I'll be back right soon. And I wouldn't worry about Santa, either."

Had somebody really bought the "Caspian?" It wasn't fair! No, it wasn't here or there, anywhere, oh—there it was, high, high up on the fifth shelf of the open cupboard! There was a huge silver bow on it and from it a Christmas tag with a name written on it, fluttered gently.

He tried hard to keep his eyes still. If only there were a Santa, a Santa who knew nothing about dads and . . .

Oh, well, Fuzzy had told him to look around as much as he pleased and he had to face and touch it, just once more. He was the ladder.

It was queer, but the higher he climbed the ladder the shelf remained just as high above from him. Now he was on the top step and still he had to reach up, up. His fingers found it, the most beautiful ship in the world, his "Caspian." He must bring it down carefully now, carefully, without . . . suddenly the ladder rocked and he began falling, falling—his "Caspian" was falling and Fuzzy was shouting, calling him all kinds of names, everything was falling . . .

HIS heart pounding sickeningly, Jimmy jerked up to a sitting position. Why, this was his own bed, he must have fallen on his own bed. And the "Caspian" wasn't going to break after all. Why it was morning too, Christmas morning! Santa must have come and gone by now!

Then, just as he had done ever since he was three years old, young Jimmy Burke stole silently into the warm hallways, slid noiselessly down the bannisters, and crouching on all fours, he paddled towards the living-room door. Suddenly, he sat down, all the happy anticipation flowing out of him. He really wasn't going to get the "Caspian." He had dreamed about the "Caspian" falling but he hadn't dreamed that dad refused to give it too him. That was real.

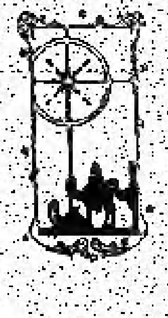
Sullenly, he pushed open the door.

And there it was, right in front of all the other presents! Bright, glittering silver sails, shing decks of fine-grained wood, straight and tall, the proudest galleon of all the seven seas!

He gasped, holding his breath but before he could pounce on his treasure, he was swung aloft into the air and kicking furiously looked down on powdered eyebrows,—an enormous white moustache, long, cotton batten beard, and his dad's own merry, blue eyes.

Fuzzy had been all wrong. There was just one Santa Claus and Santa was dad. He couldn't help but laugh and laugh, he was so glad.

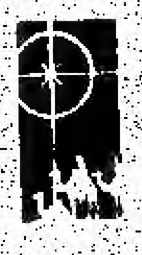
"Merry Christmas, Santa, and thank you very much."



Tall, solemn candles tipped with gold
Above a flick'ring fireplace,
Near by, a sparkling Christmas tree
And faintly chiming bells of light;
Without, a world of magic snow
Beneath her dome of silver stars.
Beyond, a hardy sparrow small
Still haunts his glist'ning snow-capped home.

But there, beside a watchful lamp,
A curly head lies wrapped in dreams,
Dear eyes now claimed by slumber sweet
Any tiny lips curved in a smile.

—Sumiko Iwamoto.



A Merry Christmas *and a Happy New Year*

LILY F. WASHIMOTO
A.T.C.M.—Piano
A.T.C.M.—Singing
1286 W. 14th, BAy. 3612 Y

MARY KATO
A.T.C.M., L.R.S.M.
Teacher of Piano
1234 W. 6th—BAy. 3979Y

MARY S. HAMAGAKI
A.T.C.M.
Teacher of Piano
2112 Pandora High. 1073 L

Powell United
C. G. I. T.
Powell United Church

Mrs. Tomi Tonogai
Principal
RYUBIKAI
433 Alexander High. 5229 L

Surrey
Girls' Club
Surrey, B. C.

Fairview
Joshi Shuyokai
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Cherry Beauty
Parlour
163 Powell SE 5322

Marietta School of
Costume Design
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857 Homer Street MArine 0983

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Domestic Arts
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MODISTE FASHION SHOP

LADIES' WEAR
450 Granville Street SEymour 4941

Takeyaryukai
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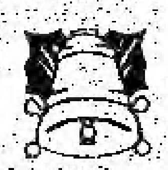
FLOWER
ARRANGEMENT
Mrs. E. Morii
639 E. Cordova HI 5133


YAMATO SILKS Ltd.
460 Granville Street SEymour 8832

A Merry Christmas and A Happy New Year To All

Dick Sora

Dick Uchida

Charlie Omoto

Romeo Nakasuji

Gen Miki

Takeshi Nishida

Tom Inaba

Nonky Idenouye

Tets Kitaguchi

Mas Kawahara

Ernest Ikeno

Hitoshi V. Ikeno

Larry K. Ikeno

Mr. & Mrs. N. Takenaka

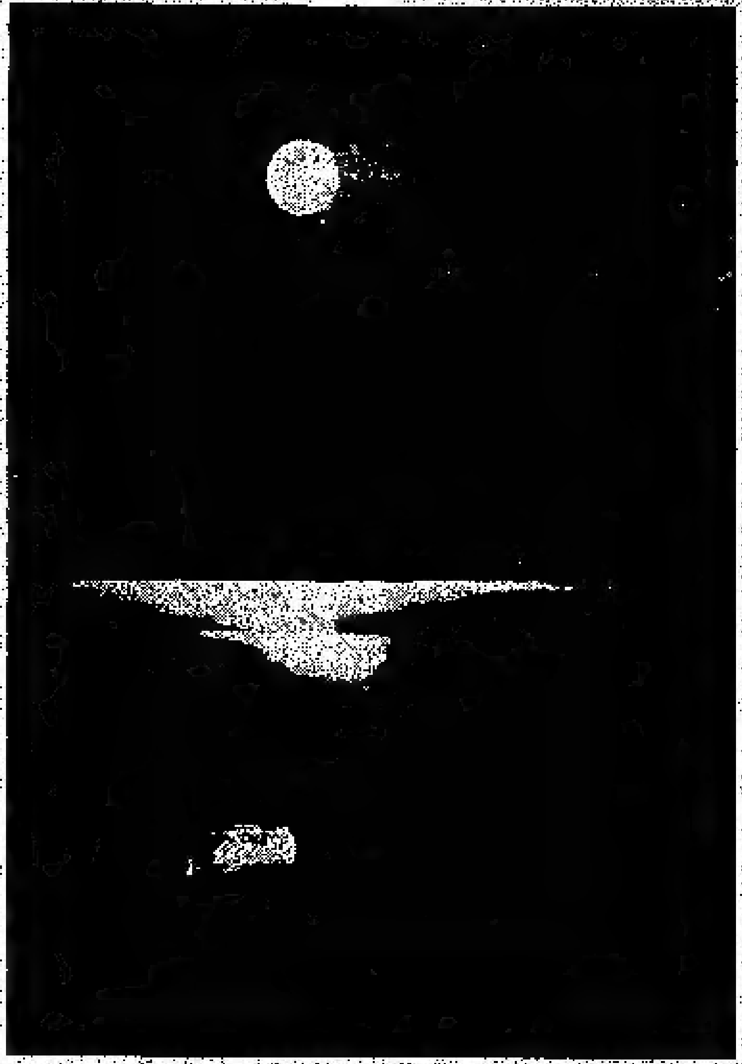
George Ogaki

Mr. & Mrs. E. Nanameki

Mr. and Mrs. T. Sato

Rozie Ogaki

Mr. and Mrs. K. Ogawa



Y. Kuno

I. Tomotsugu

O. Abe

Robert M. Miyasaka

Photo by Jerry K. Ito

Among British Columbia's scenic beauties that evoke gasps of wonder and delight from tourists' lips are the thousand and one inlets and bays along the coast. Howe Sound where the pulp and paper town of Woodfibre is located is one such a waterway.

With a full moon casting its lovely spell over the landscape, Woodfibre takes on the appearance of fairy land. To the lower left hand corner of the picture are the "boom grounds" where rafts of logs are broken-up and the logs trimmed before they pass on to the sawmill. Over the waters are twinkling the lights of Britannia Beach and the mines above, completing the idyllic scene.

Mr. and Mrs. E. Miura

Mr. and Mrs. Tad Kitaguchi

Tets Uno

Robert Y. Kadoguchi

Kelly Watanabe

Kiide Shimizu

Toshio Murakami

Charlie Ohama

Kingo Ohama

Mr. & Mrs. K. Takeda

Jerry K. Ito

Ken K. Ito

Tsuruo Enta

Dick Kamezawa

Lloyd Nishiyama

Jimmy Nishiyama

George Suzuki

Masayoshi Ogura

Shinobu Kagayama

M. OHASHI

A Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year

Tamami

Dale

Woodfibre . . . Town of Progress

★ ★ ★

By "The Ambler"

AN ice-cold north wind comes sweeping down from ice-clad mountains adding its plaintive wail to the shriek of saws, the hum of many motors which signify that here in this little town of Woodfibre man is tapping the rich resources of Mother Nature for his use.

As I write this article I can see the beautiful moon just rising from behind the mountains and casting its soft, welcome light on the residents of Woodfibre. It can now be seen in its full-sized beauty, and the wavelets on the waters before me are dancing in sheer delight, stretching in and out until they are lost in the sombre shadows that cloak the distant opposite shore.

Must this moon be wasted in this hamlet? It is beckoning everyone from their hideouts, but no one seems to heed its call. So tonight our Lovers' Lane must remain a gloomy place except for imaginary couples.

ENOUGH for my thoughts . . . Looking over to the Japanese section of the town, one can see the little schoolhouse still standing as it did some fifteen years ago, when the muffled voices of children repeating their "i-ro-ha's" first issued from its windows. The first Japanese class was held at the home of Mrs. Tomomi Date, wife of the present Japanese foreman. She now lives in Japan, but I'm sure she must often recall the happy hours spent with her five or six pupils. Until her departure for the country of her birth she was unsparing in her efforts to guide her students to higher aims in life. At present, the school is in the hands of Principal Mrs. Suyama and boasts of an attendance of some forty-five children.

Glancing a little above, one sees the bunkhouses, the home of so many of our "bachelors" and single married men. The bunk newly built this summer seems to boast that it is the "baby" of the six. From the many windows the gay, colorful lights play onto the grounds beneath and add gaiety to the ghostly ball-field where pixies dance their rounds on moonlit nights like this.

The Mess Hall stands at the entrance to the Japanese camp and here the single workers are served their meals. Here folks carry on much of their social life too. The place also serves as an emergency hall where concerts and lectures take place. Salesmen from the big city display their wares at this centre from time to time.

The Japanese camp includes all this part and also the "Beach" below. It has increased to a great extent from the days when Woodfibre was known as "Mill Creek" and consisted of several shanties scattered here and there. Through the keen and active part played by old-timers of Mill Creek this town has seen the growth of the Japanese community, which has kept in step with the development and expansion of this ever-growing town of ours.

AND now time is bringing about another change in the community. Year by year the Issei are decreasing in number while the Nisei are increasing. Their habits and desires contrast sharply too. Here the Nisei live a somewhat dull life for unlike the first generation, they want fun and like to be in the spotlight. Newcomers to Woodfibre mostly say, "Oh, I hate this place," to which the voice of experience chirps up, "Oh, you'll soon get used to it." Except for movies, sports and that favorite haunt, the Pool Room, the Nisei have no source of relaxation. So Nisei life marches on and on following the same routine nearly every day.

Niseis go in and out from Woodfibre. Some say they like the place, some say they don't. Oh yes, there are quite a few like me who don't mind leading a quiet life spent by most Woodfibrites. But then I must admit that it sometimes does get dull.

Many of the Niseis born here have reached manhood and are being employed by the company. Some are pursuing their studies elsewhere. The girls have also attained womanhood and have left for the big city, Naas River, or Ocean Falls. We ourselves have welcomed into our society several new Nisei young women.

IN the social field, local organizations are quite active. The Isshinkai has done great wonders in promoting better relations between the Japanese and their fellow Canadians. The Boshi-Kai, another club recently formed, is assisting the younger generation to play their role as Canadian citizens. In August the local Koyu-Kai, the first all-Nisei club, was formed. Former students of the local Japanese school compose its membership.

For sometime many thought of forming such a club, but it did not come into being until a local boy who left lately for Japan and the school principal, Mrs. Suyama, did the yeoman work of organizing interest and enthusiasm. As yet the Koyu-Kai has no outstanding achievements to its credit, but in the future it will surely work for the good of the Niseis in Woodfibre. Under the capable leadership of President Takeshi Nishida, the future indeed is bright.

With the march of time the Isseis are gradually fading out of the life of this community but the Niseis are following in their footsteps. It is for us Niseis of Woodfibre to strive for unity and better understanding with our fellow Canadians, take up the task so ably done by the Issei and also to enlarge their work as much as possible . . .

THE wind has died down outside. I can no longer hear the rustle of cedar boughs by my window. But the steady drive of the mighty motors in the pulp plant, assuring the prosperity of our Woodfibre, a vital part in the economic well-being of our Canada, comes to my ear and seems to give promise of better days to come. The moon, too, riding high on the crest of billowy clouds is showering gems upon gems on Howe Sound as if to foretell a bountiful future. And these bright jewels of hope, of the future I'm sure I will gather in the meadow of my dreams tonight.

MUSIC BOX

● SONG HITS . . . ● RECORDINGS . . .
● BANDS . . . ● MUSICAL EVENTS . . .

By A. Y.

SONG HITS

A cursory survey of "Your Hit Parade" for 1940 reveals that the musical tradition boasting of such as "Once in a While" and "My Reverie" has been successfully maintained by the "Woodpecker's Song" and "I'll Never Smile Again" both of which broke into the magic circle of tunes ranking first seven times or more, and both have tied the record of the longest stay on "Your Hit Parade" by ranking in the "Big Ten" for sixteen long weeks. The top five tunes of the year computed on the basis of 10 for first, 9 for second, 8 for third, etc. (I think this rule is more accurate indication of popularity than the old method I've been using) are:

	1	2	3	Times	
	Standing			Played	Pts.
Woodpecker's Song	7	3	2	16	138
I'll Never Smile Again	7	2	2	16	125
Careless	5	3	1	13	98
When You Wish Upon A Star	5	1	2	13	93
Imagination	3	2	1	13	92

Remember these numbers which also rang the bell on one or more occasions?—"Practice Makes Perfect," "Sierra Sue," "Make Believe Island," "Maybe," "Trade Winds," "All the Things You Are," "Indian Summer," "Fools Rush In" and the current favorites, "Only Forever," "There I Go," "Ferryboat Serenade" and "We Three."

One of the freak successes of the year was the ditty, "Darn That Dream." It was on the parade just five times, and never ranked higher than fifth except once. Then it zoomed from nowhere to ceiling zero. Other songs deserving at least an honourable mention are "It's a Blue World," "When the Swallows Come Back to Capistrano," "Say It" and "The Breeze and I."

BANDS

ORCHIDS to Artie Shaw for one of the greatest comebacks of the year. Although relegated to the sick list, blackballed by unkind critics, run through the matrimonial mill with volatile Lana Turner (not that I would have mind swapping places with him), shorn of many of his star players, and adopting an altogether different—an highly symphonic—style of playing that threatened to alienate even his most faithful fans, he proved without a shadow of a doubt that he IS one of the all-time greats by organizing another top-notch band, waxing several best sellers, even composing a concerto for clarinet and orchestra, a work that is strangely reminiscent of the compositions of the late George Gershwin.

He shows his rare musical genius when it comes to finesse and polish, and is, I think, definitely superior to Miller, Goodman, et al for sheer artistry and imaginativeness.

Sickness struck even harder at Benny Goodman, perhaps the greatest swing artist of our period. After a summer vacation spent in recovering from an attack of sciatica, he has gathered his key-men again and is well on the way to his former greatness.

Glenn Miller continued his triumphant ways, producing music that the consuming public has taken to most readily. Unfortunately, his recordings have become stereotyped of late, even his slow swingy pieces, "Crosstown," "Slow Freight," "Pennsylvania 6-500," adhere too closely to the "In the Mood" pattern . . . On the other hand, Tommy Dorsey's is one outfit that continues to show a remarkable versatility, verve and imaginative interpretation. Though failing short of a Shaw, Miller or a Goodman genius, Tommy Dorsey is nevertheless one of the most reliable, one of the most consistent, all-round orchestras on the continent.

Charlie Barnet, Harry James, Bobby Byrne and Gene Krupa are the four horsemen of musicdom who bear watching, especially Krupa, the acknowledged king-pin of the drum, snares and percussions. Freddy Martin's aggregation has been doing splendid work lately. I miss Sammy Kaye.

On the local front, Mart Kenny proved the biggest disappointment. With the departure of vocalist Georgia Dey who won a host of admirers, the spark that inspired many a Kenny hit seemed to have gone . . . To Dal Richards goes the credit for lifting his group from a fourth to first-rater (provincially speaking, naturally). One of the sheet music corporations has even featured his band in a season's hit.

RECORDS

TOPS in the field of popular recordings in my opinion was Shaw's "Frenesi." The public took some time to get the swing of it, then when it did, it went for it in a big way. Its catchy rhythm (one of the most compelling points of Shaw's orchestration is his uncanny sense for a full-bodied, satisfying rhythm) makes Kay Kyser's "makes-you-wanna-dance" music pale by comparison . . . Other hits were Miller's often-mentioned, often-played "Tuxedo Junction," Dorsey's "I'll Never Smile Again" and nowadays his "We Three," Dick Jurgen's signature song "Day Dreams Come True at Night," Carl Ravazza's "Vieni Su" and Gray Gordon's "Ferryboat Serenade" (Gordon cans his tinny tick-tock rhythm in this piece with superb results), and Will Bradley's two-sider, "Beat Me Daddy Eight to the Bar." The most assinine recording was Jurgen's "Cecelia."

MUSICAL EVENTS

LOCAL fans had the opportunity of hearing several "name bands" in person this year. Starting the big parade was Duke Ellington's orchestra (no one comes near his swing interpretations and creations), and was followed by Benny Goodman (somewhat disappointing), Jan Garber and Lionel Hampton (a one-man affair), with Skinnay Ennis and Gus Arnheim thrown in for good measure . . . I am hoping that the Musicians A. F. of M. Union, Local 145 will be good enough to allow other bands to come to town, too. My ears are twitching for a little of Kyser, Dorsey, Miller and Lombardo. (Miller ought to pack 6000 and over into the Forum right now.)

• • •

The editor has his sign ". . . 30 . . ." dangling in front of me. It's finale for the year. The Merriest of Christmases and the Happiest of New Years to you all, filled with the music you enjoy.

Compliments of the Season

Kaichiro Nagata

Mr. and Mrs. Y. Arikado

Mr. and Mrs. T. Toguri

Kasey Oyama

Mr. and Mrs. Akira Iwasaki

Tsuneo Kondo

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Yae Suzuki

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The New Canadian

THE VANGUARD OF NISEI OPINION

TRinity 0309 396 Powell Street
Vancouver, B. C.

A paper published by and for second generation Japanese in Canada, and devoted to their welfare as citizens of Canada.

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Goodbye to 1940

AND so 1940 flees down the pathway of the past into oblivion, and once again the time has come for us to take stock of ourselves, to think back upon the past 366 days, to ask ourselves what has this tired old year left with us that is significant and important.

There are few of us who will care to look back with any particular satisfaction, for it is difficult to recall a year more fraught with uneasiness and tension than that which is just passing.

And yet one fact has emerged from the black months of the war, from the shadows of international politics, from the difficult position in which we have found ourselves as an alien-born group—a conclusion seemingly inconsistent with the realities of the situation, yet for that very reason all the more significant.

That one fact is the final realization among each and every one of us that we are here now, in Canada as Canadians, and come what may, we are going to stick with Canada.

In years gone by, as a people we had clung to the belief that if in the end we found all our striving come to naught in this country, we could reverse the historical movement of the past two-score years, and flee across the Pacific, there to find a refuge and a future. But this year the crystallization of the international picture has proved to us that that vague dream was but an illusion; and we have come to realize that if faced with the decisive choice, it cannot be other than our home and native land. Historical and social growth, far-reaching and intimate, has made us irrevocably a part of Canada.

So it is that we face the New Year with this conviction—that it is up to us now to dig in and, employing every faculty of heart and mind and inheritance, to make the best of what we have here in Canada. In that conviction which 1940 has brought lies the pulsing vital hope for the new year.

WINDY NIGHT

High in the sky, the wind
Swings the dark-curtained moon
Speeds the stars, silver tinned
High in the sky, the wind
Speeds the cloud-wings [illegible]
Like an unbound [illegible]
High in the sky, the wind
Swings the dark-curtained moon.

M. H.

Christmas Tide and . . .

(Continued from Page 1)

kissed its tears away. O gentle Mary, grieve no more 'Twas the other morning I saw him pass, at the head of a lean and hungry band. Gaunt were His cheeks, His face unkempt, as He beat at the Councillor's opulent gate — begging for work — work that shall buy them their daily bread.

O gentle Mary, grieve no more! 'Twas last night that He brushed past me, making his way through musty tenement rooms. And the aged pensioners smiled to see the kindly soul who lightened the weight of their lingering years. That was your son in the guise of fisherfolk.

O gentle Mary, grieve no more! His is as yet an unfinished task. The spirit of peace has taken wing, and men have forgotten how to love. Men are not yet good, nor wise, nor kind. So His feet must guide Him ever and yon, over stony roads and damasked floors, over mud and filth, e'en to the gate of licentious repose . . . , onward and onward to the ends of the earth!

O gentle Mary, rapt in prayer, pray for the dream of thy self-banished Son! Weary His feet and heavy His head! Longs He to nestle His head in the folds of your gown; longs He for the tenderness you alone can give. He has not forgotten the promise old. He will come back when men are wise and kind and good.

The eyes of Mary are hopeful now! And her pale slim hands are folded in prayer. And dark-skinned Joseph stands by her side, guarding the Manger for their long-gone Child!

—Eiko Henmi.

"Peace In Our Time"

—Neville Chamberlain

By Miyo Ishiwata

Time was not with you.
God was.
Dull is the vision of man
who cannot see
beyond the margin of your constant
cause.

You,
whose inner contemplation
dwelt within the bosom of humanity
sought deep into the night
for that one topmost reach
—the Star secure . . .
the world was with you then.
But,
when, alas, this search was foiled,
how swiftly rose the madding cries
in mockery.

You stood alone, O resolute soul
a sea-ward cliff against the waves;
So shall your rectitude of peace
endure and abide with the age.

* * *

Here's to the New Year . . . "Shinnen Omedeto!"

PERHAPS no other new year has been greeted with so much hope, so much expectancy, so much enthusiasm as will be this coming New Year. The past three-hundred sixty-six days which commenced with such promise is ending on a grim, unhappy note. The last several months have seen great and fearful changes taking place throughout the earth. The tired old year, 1940, must be more than weary, and glad to go to its final rest. And we as a people are without regrets that it is so.

This year "Happy New Year" passing from person to person, will be more than an expression of gladness, a wish for the future. It will be a fervent prayer. It will be a fervent prayer expressed in rejoicing — a rejoicing much wilder, more intense than has been evidenced before, for at the root of every new year greeting will be the heartfelt hope "It must be so!"

And Powell Street and Main Street and Granville Street; Shaughnessy Heights and Pender Street; they will join in the gay festivities. Were it in far-off Japan, the front of every house along Vancouver's "li'l Tokyo" would be flanked with pines or "Kadomatsu," combined with slender bamboo stalks — the pine for a hardy and prosperous life; the bamboo stalk for faith and virtue. Across the entrance gate would hang the "shime nawa," a hempen rosette made of straw rope, centered with a crooked lobster or an orange, and ornamented with delicate ferns and bamboo leaves — the hempen for permanence of light and sunshine; the fern for purity and a long family line; the bent-back lobster for perpetual youthfulness of spirit; and the orange to wish that these will continue from generation unto generation.

And throughout the festive day, all would partake of the New Year dishes — the traditional "ozoni" and the sweet sake to ward off lurking evil spirits; a bit of "koi" or carp for that "never say die" spirit; black sweet peas for health and vitality; and chestnuts for success and mastery. What more can one wish their friends as they begin a new year — a clean unspotted page in the book of life, than these?

These symbols, steeped in ancient folklore and tradition, are fast disappearing from the Japanese Canadian community. Except where the older generation congregate, little by little, the picturesque and quaint customs are being forgotten. In time the outward expressions of these symbols — the "shime nawa," the "koi," the "ozoni" — these will pass away, but the spiritual qualities connected with each symbol, they will live on, despite the adoption of western customs.

The old year is fast waning; the new year is on the horizon. The mistakes, the blunders, the heartaches of 1940 are of the past. Ours is the shining future. Ours too the tremendous task of becoming a part of the Canadian scene. Let us, then, plant in the inner chamber of our memory a pine tree, that we may be ever strong to carry on; a bit of bamboo that we may be ever faithful to the highest ideals. Let us fasten a "shime-nawa" across the entrance of our memory, that no matter how threatening the future, we shall have vision to see beyond the present to perpetual sunshine. Let us remember the to do and dare. Let us adopt the "koi," keep alive that youthfulness of spirit bent-backed lobster, that we may ever that we may push upward and onward, even against the tide, to a happier, more prosperous year!

And now, a toast to 1941! Let the sweet sake flow! Omedeto! Happy New Year!

shinobu higashi

this my window

hsinking, manchoukuo

this perpetual dust on the street clawing at nostrils dust at eyelids dust in throat on tongue summer dust blown from the mongol plains mixed with the dung of camels long dead and the dust of the legions of ghengis khan and his hordes bringing back the dust of the plains of russia the black loam of rumania dust at my eyes at my throat at my mouth.

in the gobi desert lies a bleached bone one of the bones that lived once in the frame of a camel driver that drove the caravan of marco polo towards the fabulous realms of cathay while the flesh that has turned to dust whirls at the feet of another driver of heavy-laden cart of heavy-laden wagon.

dust in the air hung heavily like yesterday's wash drenched by the evening rain bringing more dust and dirt from the country roads where once trod prehistoric saurians before the last ice age brought new dust from the rim of the arctic pole no bounds no race no international differences knows this dust.

dust the last melting pot the final leveller of all rank the king the beggar are one here and alexander is no better than a lazarus for all the purple robes that girt his youthful frame framing-the-essense-of-dust-that-men have called genius.

life finds repose in dust but dust finds no repose blowing where the wind listeth hither yon and thither here yesterdays and todays and the golden age of greece all find rest in dust and all things find rest in dust.

dreams of russia lie in the dust that hovers like a dove over the streets to the vanity of man and man himself of another dream another monument walks fearless confident of the dust that he is ignoring the dust on the street that swirls to his nostrils coating his tongue with a history of dust and-dust-historical-from-times-immemorial coating the eternal man that is not eternal.

the motes dance a gruesome dance of life and death as the sunbeams strike the dirt covered dust-laden dung coated road of dust and when the sun sets the same dust is metamorphised in glory the last glory of a dusty day a dusty age a dusty dream of life dusty to the taste to the feel to the sight while dust sits dustily here waiting for dust to return to dust and find repose.

Cold Comfort Intended

(Continued from Page 3)

worthy of the tolerance and respect you now enjoy — and before you shout back, do a little reading of the 'M,' 'Minority' section of the encyclopedia — you will ultimately thereby earn those rights yet withheld from you, withheld from you by the will of the majority of the people of this province.

SO, IN the New Year, which you had better admit, may be very hard for you, resolve to face facts with your minds as well as your emotions. It is up to you to become brave and honest representatives of the best values of the Japanese race; to recognize and try to overcome at least the results of this world upheaval as they affect you, devising solutions out of your own lives and experiences and aided by as much good-will as you care to look for among your Occidental neighbors; such is the responsible and honorable way to incorporation in the Canadian nation.

—P.V.H.

CHRISTMAS GREETINGS

The New Canadian

THE VOICE OF THE SECOND GENERATION

NEW YEAR GREETINGS

VOL. III No. 52 VANCOUVER, B. C. DECEMBER 25, 1940.

Weekly Whirligig

By K. W.

Nisei of the Year . . . Our American cousins confer an annual award to the one Nisei who, in the opinion of a committee of judges, best deserves the title of "Nisei of the Year." Sponsored by a Nisei group in Chicago, it's a nation-wide affair; last year the award went to Walter Tsukamoto, former national president of the Japanese American Citizen League for his work in fighting anti-alien legislation in California.

In this last column of the year (thank heaven!), I'm setting myself as a judge to award a non-existent award to the "Canadian Nisei of the year."

I've kept my finger on the events of Niseiville pretty closely throughout the year, but find it difficult to choose an individual who really stands out head and shoulders above the crowd in accomplishments.

We had a yo-yo champion, a Golden Gloves champion. We had an amateur drama championship group, and a "best actress" award. In the field of art, music, literature, oratory, we had our shining lights who helped to make life richer and more enjoyable for all of us by their achievements. And in the scholastic field there were one or two Nisei who captured highest honours to uphold the Nisei reputation.

But none of these accomplishments, praiseworthy as they are, seem to me to merit this award I'm presenting, even though it doesn't exist. And narrowing the field down and down, I'm left with two names. It's a toss-up between them, between Harry Naganobu of New Westminster, national president of the Japanese Canadian Citizens' League for the third consecutive term, and Dr. George Ishiwara, national executive secretary of the same organization and president of the Vancouver Chapter.

Naganobu, long active in the Nisei movement and one of the original founders of the League as at present constituted, hasn't made the headlines often, but he has been a continuing tower of strength in the called upon to do this past year. League, and in the work it has been The confidence of members in his leadership is reflected in his "third term."

Ishiwara, relatively a new figure in the Nisei movement, has blossomed forth during the past two years as the driving energetic force behind innumerable local projects that the Vancouver JCCL has undertaken. His value to the League is seen in his election as national executive secretary less than two years after he joined as an active member.

Between these two Nisei leaders I find it hard to choose. Actually no choice is necessary, because both of them have been working together to achieve the same end, to help the second generation to find a finer and happier future.

* * *

Ave . . . que Vale . . . to 1940, a year . . . of world-shaking cataclysmic events, of new ways of life, of radical changes in ordinary every day routine. Care to know what stands out in my memory this year? No, well you needn't read any further.

Two o'clock in the morning, we were meandering up Pender Street in the heart of Chinatown. There outside the Sai Woo Cafe we bumped into a tall, slim street minstrel; guitar slung his neck, a southern accent in his drawl. And so, being young and somewhat screwballish, we danced on the pavement to ". . . there in a veil of white, by candlelight . . ." while the shuffling parade of Pender Street midnights gathered about to gape.

—P.Y.H.

Students Debate on 'Japanese Town'

Artists Support Nisei Talent Revue

Patients Make Donation To "Home" Fund

VANCOUVER — Enthusiastic over the news of the Nisei Talent Revue, the proceeds from which will go toward the beginning of a fund for the establishment of a convalescent home for tuberculosis patients, inmates of St. Joheph's Oriental Hospital last week held a raffle, and donated the sum of $3.40 toward the Fund. This is the first money put into what is hoped shortly to be a considerable sum.

* * *

VANCOUVER — Amateur singers from all over the province will make their public debuts before the footlights, when the curtain goes up on the Nisei Talent Revue in the Japanese Hall, January 18 and 19.

A swelling list of amateur contestants who will compete for vocal honours was reported this week by Cecil Okawara, program chairman, as the closing date, December 31, is only one week away.

The competition, Mr. Okawara emphasized, is confined only to vocal selections, from performers who have had little or no previous experience in concert work. All amateur singers, however, are urged to place their names with the chairman immediately.

Two entirely separate programs will be given at each performance, Saturday night and Sunday afternoon. This has been made possible by the widespread support which already established artists are giving to the project, and which will ensure an enjoyable program.

Some of these include: Mary Hamagaki, Fumi Ohori, Katsushi Kumagai, Roy Kumano, Dick Nishino, Ty Kuzuhara, Gene Kuzuhara, Bobby Ito, Ruby Miyake, Amy Oki, Lily de, Etsuko Niimi, Miyoko Sogawa, Tsutomu Hakkaku, Shirley Handa, Akiko Hori and Asako Ikeda, Joanne Maikawa, Sam Yamada, Fujie Terakita, Hisako Shishido, Martha Hori, Adam Moriyama, Iwakazu Sakai, Kaye Iiomma, Fumie Nakatsu, Shigeru Mizuno, Hat Kawamoto and Stoney Odamura, and three odori groups—Sumiko Saskai, the Kitsilano Girls' Troupe and the Kurenai Buyodan.

Girls To Argue On College Education

VANCOUVER — Should the Japanese family move away from the centre of concentration usually known as Japanese town or not is the question that will be discussed this coming Friday, December 27, at 7:30 p.m. at the Japanese Hall, when the U.B.C. Japanese Students' Club debate team meets the visiting team from the University of Washington in the annual intercollegiate debate.

Arguing on the subject, "Resolved that the Japanese family should emerge from the Nippon-machi and seek domicile in the suburbs, the two local debaters, Peter Yamada and Minoru Yatabe, will uphold the resolutions.

Battling for the Hisaoko trophy will be two Co-ed debaters, Kay Kato and Taka Nikaido, who will also uphold the affirmative in the resolution "That a college education is advantageous to a Nisei girl in obtaining vocational opportunities."

Preceding the debate the Americans will be feted at an informal supper at the New Pier Cafe at 6:00 p.m.

On the following evening a banquet will be given in honor of the visitors at the Sun Pekin Chop Suey, 252 Powell Street, at 6:00 p.m., following which they will be entertained at a social at the Masonic Hall, 4426 West Tenth. The social is scheduled to begin at 8:00 p.m. The tickets for this event may be obtained from any member of the J.S.C. Members, graduates and friends are cordially nivited to come to the Social and meet the visiting debaters.

Members are reminded to send in their reservations for the Supper and Banquet to George Shimotakahara at BAyview 2400.

On The Newsfront

Stick to the Farm Nisei Advised to

SEATTLE.—Although there is a tendency for young Nisei to drift away from the farm, they are urged to stick to agriculture as a means of livelihood by Tom Iseri, prominent Pacific Northwest produce dealer in a Courier Radio speech.

Second generation farmers in the northwest, he declared, are making rapid strides due to the adoption of scientific methods in soil tilling and organized marketing. Financial returns in such cases, he said, are often higher than the income of many business and professional men.

Conference Rouses Interest

NEW YORK.—The 5th national conference of the American Committee for Protection of the Foreign-born, scheduled for March 29-30, is rousing keenest interest in view of disturbed world conditions and promises a record attendance.

Over 1[illegible]0 distinguished American leaders in politics, business, education and letters are sponsoring the conference, which makes a powerful plea against undemocratic discrimination that divides the country.

Red Cross Commissioner Praises Year's Voluntary Work

VANCOUVER — Reviewing Red Cross work during the past year, F. W. Tuffrey, provincial commissioner of the Society, said he could not give too high praise to the 30,000 regular volunteer workers in the Red Cross.

Since the war began the number of branches in British Columbia has grown from 15 to 98, and junior branches now number 1322.

Military Course in ARP For Japan's Women

TOKYO. — Sponsored by the "Women's Aeronautical Federation of Aviators' Mothers," courses are being planned to give women in Japan a knowledge of military defense on land sea and air. These subjects will be offered on the curriculum of a "bride's school."

NEW CANADIAN POLL

Registration, War Effort Nisei Stories of the Year

1940! Another year gone by, but what a year! Someone has said that these are desperate times, an duo one can see where they will end, but at least they keep us alive and interested in what is going on around about us.

Gathered for the second annual poll of staff writers and reporters of The New Canadian, here are the results of the news awards of the year for the Japanese Canadian community.

1. Outstanding story: 2. National Registration; 2. Compulsory Military training.
2. Largest number of news lines: Contributions to the war effort.
3. Dramatic Story: Nisei delegation at the Vancouver City Hall.
4. Tragic Story: Double drowning accident of two Nisei youths in the Alouette River.
5. Human Interest: Edith Ikeda's expedition to Ottawa.
6. Funniest: Shoyu Drought.

NATIONAL REGISTRATION.

No story affected, more people or jostled them out of their usual routine, if only for a moment than National Registration. It covered every first and second generation in the country over the age of sixteen, produced the greatest volume of headaches, caused the greatest amount of worry and cussing, and roused more laughs than any other story in the year.

Running it a close second however, and certainly winning more spectacular headlines, was the issue of compulsory training. If it hadn't fizzed out as far as the Nisei were concerned, it would probably have won the nod as the outstanding story of the year.

But the subject actually that was the most "written-up" in respect to newspaper lineage was undoubtedly the continuing story of the Japanese Canadian contribution to the war effort. Scarcely a week went by that some form of support—donations, war bonds, red cross—failed to hit the headlines — magnificent evidence of the way in which the community has attempted to carry its share in the war effort.

Of drama there was much in the year now passing, but the award goes from our writers to the three Nisei who went to beard the lion in his den. It's an August afternoon in Vancouver's City Hall, and the committee Council chamber resounds with the torrent of words hurled back and forth as the Nisei spokesman, George T. Tamaki, hurls word for word at all the aldermen in general at Alderman Wilson in particular. No matter of life and death to be sure, but it's a battle for understanding and sympathy, rather than ignorance and prejudice. And in the worlds of the retiring Mayor the three Nisei "made a very fine impression."

See STORY Page 20

TOWN TOPICS

GAKUYUKAI MEETING

January 12 has been marked as red letter day on the Gakuyukai calendar. Members will meet in the afternoon at Japanese Hall to elect leaders for the new year.

ROLL ALONG

Skate away the old year with Table Tennis members at Happyland. Leap Year is waning, so step on it, everyone, for an evening of smooth rolling on fibre wheels on Sunday evening, December 29, from 7:30 p.m.

MORNING SERVICE

The annual communion and new year service will be observed at the Powell United Church on January 5. Everyone is invited to unite in this joint Junior and Senior Church service for an hour of spiritual fellowship. The service will commence at 11 a.m.

CHRISTMAS BALL

The evening of the year has arrived—the glamorous night of romance and rhythm with JCCL at Peter Pan. Waltz away those old-year blues! Swing away that big Christmas dinner to Lozier's versatile orchestra. You have an invitation to the dance on December 25.

J. S. C. SOCIAL

J. S. C. invites you to their social in honour of the visiting U. of Washington debaters and students at Masonic Hall, 4425 West 10th, at 8 p.m. It's the most collegiate hi-jinks of the Year! An invitation is extended to graduates, students and friends of J. S. C. Graduates, come and reminisce; friends, partake of college humour, for the event promises to be the merriest and most hilarious evening of the old year. The time is 8 p.m. The date is Dec. 28th! The admission is 75c a couple. So, we'll be seeing you.

HOMPA JOINT MEETING

A "Shinen Shinbokkai" at Hompa Kaikan on January 5, will open the new year for the Hompa young men and women. The groups will separate after a joint service in the afternoon, for a separate business meeting later. A social will bring the programme to a close, so members are reminded to keep this date open.

Y. P. S. SOCIAL

January 4 at Powell United, Y. P. S. members and friends will sing out the old and frolic in the new with games, songs and refreshments. Mary Saegusa's committee promises laughter and merriment to all those who meet them at the Church Hall at 8 p.m.

CALENDAR

DECEMBER

25—Christmas Ball, Peter Pan, featuring Lozier's Orchestra, 1.25 per couple.
27—University of Washington vs. U.B.C. Annual Debate.
28—International Basketball Game, Japanese Gym, 7.30.
29—Table Tennis Roller Party, Happyland, 7.30.

JANUARY

4—Powell Y.P.S. Social.
5—Hompa Y.M.B.A. and Y.W.B.A. "Shinen Shinbokkai," Hompa Kaikan.
11—Catholic Concert, Dunlevy Mission.
12—Gakuyukai Annual Meeting for election of officers, Japanese school.
18-19—Nisei Talent Revue.

Rupert JCYO Has New Constitution

The presenting of the new constitution and the drafting of plans for the benefit concert to be held in the new year were the chief items of business at the general meeting of the Japanese Canadian Youth Organization, held Dec. 14. Hedy Suehiro, vice-president, presided, assisted by Hiro Yamanaka, secretary.

The roll call of the club is swelling — the club now boasts of 38 to 40 members of 16 years and over.

On Dec. 20, many local members were seen tripping the light fantastic at the Nippon A. Y. P. A. Xmas Social.

The social event on the calendar of the town is the J.C. Y.O. New Year Dance on January 4 at Nippon Kai Kan Hall.

Royal City Nisei Societies Busy

December! The weather certainly has taken on a wintry hint and is it cold? Brrr! Royal City dons its cap and suddenly finds itself in a whirl of social activities.

"Appreciation of Music" was the theme of the Citizenship Group, headed by Miss Kay Okihiro and Mr. John Kumagai, on their December 8 meeting. After brief remarks on the history of music, the convenors entertained the members with recordings of such famous artists as Enrico Caruso, John McCormick, Gigli, Deanna Durbin, Kreisler, Elman and other popular pieces.

The December 22 meeting was headed by the Literary Convenor, Mr. Shuji Suzuki. From 9 p.m. the group proceeded to Queen's Avenue United Church, where they held a Vesper Service with other Canadian Y.P. Societies of this city.

Y.P. members were invited to the Christmas Concert of the Strawberry Hill Sunday School, held at the Kennedy Hall, on December 22, from 2 p.m. Mr. Arai was in charge of the concert.

Do-So-Kai's Bang-up Social, climaxing another successful year of the New Westminster Club, was held at the Japanese School Hall on Sunday evening, December 22.

Principal Kamegaya, recently returned from a visit to Japan, gave a talk on Modern Japan. Topping the talk were rousing games, and refreshments galore.

Do-So-Kai sends its sympathy and wishes for a speedy recovery to Mr. Hisao Kitera, who is at present confined to the Royal Columbian Hospital.

The Club wishes to acknowledge with thanks, a donation of two dollars from Mr. Kazumi Shintani on his recovery from a long illness.

Coming up! Coming up!

A super-colossal Social sponsored by the Buddhist Y.M.B.A. and the Y.W.B.A. and inviting all the Japanese clubs in the Royal City, will be coming up! Keep your eyes and ears open for more news.

New Westminster Young Women's Buddhist Assn.

New Westminster, B.C.

Nishijima Men's Wear

Announce Their New Location at

875 COLUMBIA ST.

(Next door to Trapp Motors)

New Westminster, B.C.

TO JAPAN

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• M. S. Heian Maru
January 3

• M. S. Hikawa Maru
January 17

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Bank of Nova Scotia Building

Vancouver, B. C.

Capital City Chatter

Congratulations to the Surrey Japanese Farmers' Association! — That's a swell idea you have hit on, the sending of comfort bags to the Canadian soldiers overseas.

Vagaries: Now that we've had a spell of ice-skating, one party we know, will not be kidded so much about wearing out his "blades" trying them out on the family linoleum — — — Then there's the story going the rounds about a young fella; it seems that he wasn't satisfied with just skating around, oh no, he had to be different, he even went in wading and the funny part of the whole thing was, he didn't stop to take off his skates.

If you happen to notice a couple of our buddies with nice red faces, be sure not to accuse them of imbibing too much of ye old Xmas spirit. One of them is still hot under the collar on account of a little incident that took place at a basketball game not so long ago. It seems that the whistle had just gone for half-time, and what did our hero do? He dashed over to the time-keeper's bench yelling, "Hey, what in the heck are you trying to pull off — it can't be half-time yet, we haven't even played the third quarter!" And oh yes, the other one, he's the one accused of having come out with, "Didn't he bring it tomorrow?" during a spell of absent-mindedness of something . . . Here's a wow of a story that one fair damsel tells on herself. It seems that she saw a bottle marked "Smelling Salts" and never having had the occasion for using them before, she took a good sniff — they pretty near had to use them to bring her to! Ammonia has the same effect, Bud.

Well folks, that is all — and in closing here's wishing you one and all, A good olde Merrie Christmas and a Healthy, Wealthy, Happy New Year.

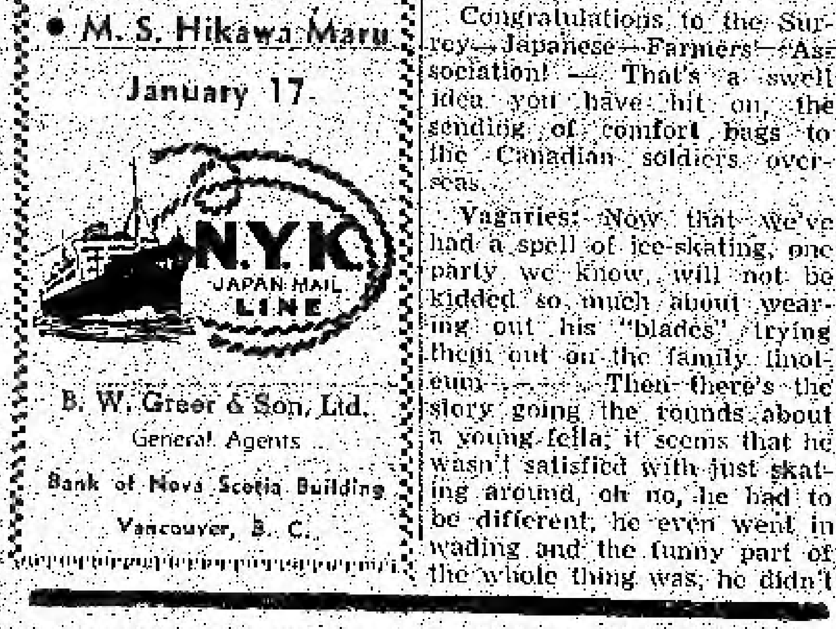
—Ioni

New National Pin For JCCL In 1941

Niseis in different centres throughout the province will be able to sport a handsome pin, symbolic of their common membership in the Japanese Canadian Citizens' League.

The pin is made of gold plated sterling silver, with the letters J.C.C.L. prominently featured. They are available for 50c, either in the button or safety catch style.

Sample pins are being sent to all chapters of the League, for orders, which should be placed immediately. In Vancouver they may be ordered from any executive member, and The New Canadian sports editor, Seiji Onizuka.



Christmas Models by WILLIS in Lowboy, Upright and Grand Pianos

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Once Again...

NIPPON MIKANS

Are Here

But this year, it won't be for long, so why not buy a bundle of them and enjoy them . . . TO-DAY!

More than ever — They're

• *Juicy*
• *Sweet and*
• *Rich in Vitamins*

By the way . . .

THEY MAKE NICE CHRISTMAS PRESENTS TOO!

Let's Have Unity Among The Nisei During 1941

Rev. Takefumi Tatsu

DOWN through the history of this world there has been much in opposition to unity—such elements as discord, jealousy, war—elements which are not conducive to that happy state where man can dwell together in unity.

My intention is not to preach, but to suggest to young Niseis briefly, how you can best meet the future. That way can be expressed in the phrase "Power of Unity."

All of you must have great plans, secret ambitions and high aspirations with which to greet the New Year. All of you must be full of hope that these things will be realized in the New Year.

I am awaiting my second New Year since I came to Vancouver. I too, am looking forward to 1941 as eagerly as you are, for the materialization of my hope — that I may acquire harmony in my personal life, religious life and social life; that I may live in sympathy with the numerous attitudes of thought around me. And I believe that this attitude will help to solve, not only my problems but also the problems of the Nisei.

THE idea of unity came as a vital agent to me through a flash of illumination. It came as I was crossing the ocean. We were in mid-ocean. For miles, as far as the eye could see, there was no sight of land. Then a storm arose, and we felt as if we were being swallowed up by the high waves that dashed the ship's side. But, calmly, almost majestically, the ship cut through the sea. In one revealing moment I realized the way to overcome the conflicts and the turmoil that beset our lives! The ship could not fight the storm alone. It was the engines, and the men who controlled them—many men working in perfect co-operation which enabled the ship to rise above the buffets of the storm.

That perfect co-operation — that co-ordinated effort—that is essential if the future of the Nisei is to be assured!

May I illustrate this point with one of the famous stories of old Japan? It may be familiar to many of you. Once there lived, during the civil wars in Japan, a samurai, Mori Motonari, who had three sons. On his deathbed he called his three sons to him, asked each in turn to break one of three arrows. The sons, wonderingly, obeyed. Each son broke his arrow easily. Then Mori Motonari ordered his sons to bring three more arrows and bade each in turn to break the arrows, not singly, but together. This could not be done as easily. And so, in this manner, wise Mori Motonari taught his sons that in unity there is strength.

I hear that within this city there exist many Nisei groups, each one, no doubt, serving some need of the younger generation, and I have no objection to them. But singly, each group can only accomplish one aspect, one need of the community. If, however, all the separate organizations were included in one all-embracing unity, I believe much more can be accomplished in the interests of the whole.

When one learns to play the piano one begins with a single note, then advances to double notes, complex notes, until the ability to play a whole composition is attained. And it is from the ability to play complex notes that the most beautiful music of the world have been composed. It is not the single note but the complex union of notes which produced the works of the masters.

WITHIN the community there now exists an organization called the Japanese Canadian Citizens' League. I am not well enough acquainted with it to comment upon it. All I can say is that the Nisei should become its members and co-operate in the attainment of the JCCL ideals.

You will meet with many difficulties but you must not give up in despair. When Paganini once came to London, stepped before an audience and began to play, one string snapped, but he never faltered; a second string snapped but he paid no attention; the third broke but he played on and on to a complete triumph. Cannot you get an inspiration from his example?

ONE more thought I should like to leave with you: Make use of your "youth"! Our youth can never come back when once it has flown. The course which is destined for us when we are young seems to control our whole lives.

When I was a student I remember reading that "youth" is one of the assets of life, but even as assets without credit is useless in business, so "youth" without "endurance" is useless in one's life. Therefore with "youth" as an asset, "endurance" as credit, and "endeavours" as goods, you cannot fail to succeed in your enterprise—your life.

You are aware of the problems which confront the second generation. The days of the first generation are passing, and with its passing begins the era of the second generation. Therefore in closing, I hope that every Nisei will realize their responsibilities, and give spiritual and active support to the endeavours of the Japanese Canadian Citizens' League.

THE RIVER

Here watch the rivers like fish
Upon its sheen
The eddies leap—again
The waves are pearled.
New as the morning light
Are the whispers green
Of willows, and near the pool
The frond uncurled,
are seeded down with snow.

—C. O.

A Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year

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208 Alexander TRin. 5566

H. S. Okumura
General Agents
Real Estate
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Eno Florist
2356 W. 4th BA 7881

T. Takahashi
Japanese Language
Night School
2215 McGill HI 2598-M

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and a Happy New Year
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The Typewriter Man
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Ocean Falls, B. C.

Best Wishes for the New Year
JAPANESE CANADIAN CLUB
Ocean Falls, B. C.

Greetings for the Yuletide Season
OCEAN FALLS JICHI-KAI
Ocean Falls, B. C.

Greetings
and
Best Wishes
EMPRESS
CAFE
Tsushu Shimizu
Clairvoyant
328 Powell Street
SEymour 0853

1940 Brought New Names, Games, and Dames To Nisei Sportdom

★ ★ ★

Salute The Year's CHAMPS

BASEBALL

Burrard League	Asahis
Pacific N. W.	Asahis
Japanese League	Union Fish
Bussei League	Hompa
Intercity League	Kitsilano Kyuhin

BADMINTON — B.C. OPEN

Men's Doubles—	S. Okumura—B. Wakabayashi
Ladies' Doubles—	S. Kochi—M. Sogawa
Mixed Doubles—	S. Okumura—L. Koyanagi

B CLASS

Men's Doubles—	M. Tamura—Kokayashi
Mixed Doubles	T. Ide-K. Shimizu
Japanese League	Y.P.S.

TABLE TENNIS

Senior League	Mikado
Junior League	Gakuyukai
Senior Singles	Bing Tanaka
Senior Doubles—	Yosh Kozai-Yoey Yasui
Junior Singles	S. Taguchi
Junior Doubles—	K. Kaminishi-T. Kagawa

BASKETBALL

Senior League	Maikawa's
Junior League	Marpole

KENDO

All-Canada Champion—	Takashi Omaye
Senior	Hiroshi Niwatsukino
Junior	Sumio Oda

JUDO

All-Can. Black Belt	Eiki Kawano
16-18 Division	Tsutomu Sumi
14-16 Division	Kenji Yoshida
12-14 Division	Mori Kayahara

TENNIS — B.C. OPEN

Men's Singles	Tommy Iwasaki
Ladies' Singles	Edith Ikeda
Men's Doubles—	Tommy Iwasaki-Johnny Tanaka
Mixed Doubles—	Johnny Tanaka-Fumi Doshima

BOXING

Pacific Northwest Mantamweight Champion	Tadao Kato

GOLF

B.C. Open	"Jackson" Katsukawa

Many, Varied and Quaint . . .

Many, varied and, to put it mildly, quaint are the customs observed by the Japanese at the New Year.

One familiar custom that is observed here as in Japan is the epicurean rite of eating 'osoba' (the Japanese kind, not the Sun Pekin or Fuji Chop Suey style) as the bells ring out the old year and usher in the new. But what about those people who attend the midnight previews on this momentous night and who will be throwing around streamers and knocking off balloons on the dot of twelve? Well, what about them?

PAY YOUR BETS AND DEBTS.

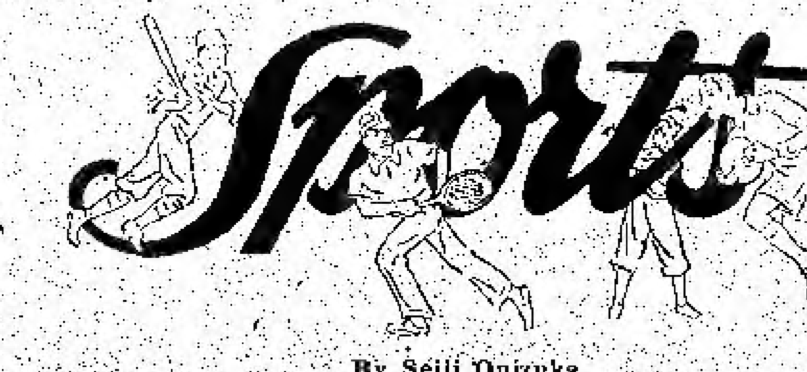
Another custom that is a big delight to a certain group but a big headache, to say the least, to another, is that of paying off debts accumulated during the year. (Come on, fellahs, pay up those baseball bets you lost during the hectic season just passed. You don't want to break a custom that has been handed down to us through the ages do you? Or do you?) Boy, what a delight it must be to the collector on these occasions but oh, what a nightmare to the 'payer-uppers.' (Say, Joe, remember that money you've owed me since three years ago? What was that you said? I'm supposed to collect only the money I lent this year? Yeah, but have a heart, will you, nobody owes me any dough this year, and I need your money to pay up a bet I lost on those miserable Tigers in the World Series.)

AND TAKE A BATH.

Taking a bath early in the morning of the second day of the new year is another strange custom observed by the Japanese. Why, only heaven knows. Perhaps, in the case of a man, it's to get rid of the dirt accumulated by him when he formally shall I say, introduced himself to the gutters after taking 'one' too many.

Without doubt, the tradition just as widely observed here as in Japan is the 'nenshi mawari' in which the men visit the homes of their friends to wish them a Happy New Year.

At each home the women wait ready to serve their visitors with the "gochiso" they have prepared two or three days in advance. Many are the traditional dishes that are served but who cares about tradition: what 'brand' have you got, obasan, and "akemashite omedeto gozaimasu."



By Seiji Onizuka

SOON NOW, oh so very soon, the old church clock will ring out twelve solid chimes. Whistles and horns will blare with all their ferocity to usher in the New Year with all its gaiety and festivities. A whole year has been left behind, a year which was filled with beautiful memories and disappointments alike, but all stored within us for many years to come. It marks a whole year, another milestone in the progress towards the ultimate goal which all of us hope to attain. We ask ourselves sincerely and honestly, have we accomplished anything? Have we gained any part of the success which we hope to seek some day? Were we a failure or a success during 1940?

In sports as well as in anything else, we ask ourselves the same question. Did the various sport events in our little community advance or did they slide back into the rut.

To a sports fan, to anybody at all for that matter who has followed all the various sports, for instance basketball, tennis, badminton, baseball, table tennis, soccer and other sports as I have during 1940, there need be no hesitation in answering the aforementioned question. In sportdom, 1940 was never equalled in activity. Of course some sports fell off, but the many new additions compensated doubly for those that did.

Off The Backboard

FIRST, let's start off with current events. In basketball for instance great strides were taken. The large membership of the previous year was doubled in the formation of a junior and a cagette league. It has expanded in every way except perhaps for gym itself. For the first time in the history of Vancouver, in Canada for that matter, was organized a league solely for the Nisei girls. Some day, perhaps in a few years when the cagette league comprises some 10 teams or more, the girls will think back to this year and say, "Remember the year the cagette league was organized?"

CAGETTE LOOP

And the girls will answer proudly, "I belonged to the original Cardinals, Blubelles or the Silver Seven." Yes sir, this is the year they'll be talking about. My, but it sure took a lot of coaxing to get the girls to turn out and support the league. All that the directors hope now is that next year the girls will turn out with less trouble and support us in number for possibly, a five-team loop.

Another incident that will stay as a record this year is the first international cagette game ever to be played among Canadian Niseis. This year will certainly go down in history as the birth-year of, what we hope, the start of many more international games.

One disappointment, however, was the dropping out of the two squads from the inter-city loops. Participating with "Hakujins" provided a chance of getting better acquainted with our Occidental neighbours, a means of assimilation, a by-word among Niseis nowadays. Let's hope next year they'll re-enter the city leagues. There are still too many good players wasting their talents in our little community league.

Mighty "Mat" Matsui

IN the complicated art of shuttle-busting, before anything else is mentioned a rousing three cheers should be given to Secretary "Mat" Matsui. Under his directorship, the shuttle game has increased by leaps and bounds and now this year they have reached an all-time high by entering the G.V.A.A. League for the first time in the annals of the club. Their success in the league merits, I think, everyone's wholehearted congratulations, for they have been doing exceptionally well.

G.V.A.A. BADMINTON

The Japanese League shuttle enthusiasts too, have expanded considerably, and with city leaguers excluded from the Japanese League, the new ruling has provided opportunities for many shuttlers who have hitherto had no chances at all. That isn't all of the expansion either. This year the Japanese League boasts five teams instead of last year's four. A Maple Ridge team has entered and perhaps next year we may have more rural district teams participating in the setup. Hope you push the idea, "Mat"!

IN baseball, the sound of the hickory meeting horsehide has long since passed away, but still in our memories, too early to forget are the vivid features on this year's diamond field.

Horsehide and Hickory

—The Asahis amassed triumph after triumph and made room on their shelves for many more silverwares. They proved invincible in their own loop, and also proved to be in a class by themselves among the Pacific Northwest Japanese. Japanese League, too, supplied the thrills never before equalled. By far the most thrilling episode in this year's diamond picture was the amazing recovery of the youthful Union Fish aggregation. After being considered flops at the start of the season, they came right back and gave the supposedly smart dopesters (including myself) the surprise of their lives.

COMBACK ON DIAMOND TRAIL

The Squared Ring

IF there were to be a selection as to the outstanding Nisei athlete of year, whom would you pick? My choice without the least hesitation would undoubtedly be our pugilistic Nisei from North Vancouver, Tadao Kato. Who else has appeared so often in the public limelight, all up and down the Pacific Coast, upholding the honour of the Japanese in the fistic arena. To him, then, I think should go the title of "The outstanding Nisei athlete of the Year."

NISEI ATHLETE OF THE YEAR

GREETINGS . . .
and Best Wishes
Asahi Baseball Club
Vancouver, B.C.

Compliments of the Yuletide Season
Fuji Ski Club
Vancouver, B.C.

A Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year
Nippon Tennis Club
Vancouver, B.C.

GREETINGS . . .
and Best Wishes
Mikado Seinenkai
Vancouver, B.C.

Best Wishes
Japanese BASKETBALL League
Vancouver, B.C.

One of the fastest growing sports among young women of Japan is softball, which was introduced by a delegation of peppy American softball girl amateurs from California recently. The sport has become popular among the women, as seen in the photo of the star catcher of the Kohran Girls High School, Yokohama.

Local Quintets Prep For International Melon Meet

One more fling! December 28th, just a few days before the New Year rolls in and the old one disappears into the obscurity of the past, one of the most important sports event of the year will take place with the annual international cage classic between Seattle and Vancouver for the benefit of the Patriotic Services Appeal. Tickets are now selling at Akiyama Hardwares, 368 Powell Street, 35c for reserved and 25c for the regulars.

Once more the local casaba-tossers will act as hosts to the Seattle Hornets and the Kwashuettes, formerly known as the Girls Reserves. This will be the third time the teams meet and to date the result of the games played stand as 3 wins for Seattle and 1 for Vancouver.

Hot off the press is the advance dope on who's who on the buzzing Hornets and the glamorous Kwashuettes.

Familiar figures on the Hornet lineup will be Julius Fujihira, Willie Tahara, Bryan Honkawa, John Kawaguchi, Roy Kurimura and Tom Kubota. Accompanying the team for the first time will be Yuki Honkawa, Ted and Stan Karikomi, Earl Nakamura, Munroe Beppu and Pete Yoshitomi.

Yukie Honkawa, a high school player from Billings, Montana, said to have an accurate eye for the basket, while the center man is six-foot Ted Karikomi who's playing his first year in organized hoopla. Brother Stan played for guard position many times on the Courier All-Star selection. He is an aggressive player and one of the best shots of the team.

The team will be accompanied by manager Ken Kawaguchi and coach Mac Kaneko.

AND THE GIRLS

The girls coached by Tommy Kubota and John Kawaguchi will be Renko Fujii, Yuri Nakamura, Marie Aoki, Carol Daty, Amy Hidaka, Kaeko Kurose and Seiko Kanagawa. Some of their star players will not be able to make the trip owing to a bazaar held on the same evening.

The tentatively arranged social, which was to be held fell through. No halls were available, so the social will not be held.

New Faces In The Tennis Fold

The 1940 season will go down in the annals of the Nippon Tennis Club as one of the most successful in the history of the club. With enthusiastic newcomers adding new blood to the game and helping to set cord, the racket-wielders enjoyed a season of greater interest and brilliance than ever before.

Old champions, new champions! Old champions are falling by the wayside and youthful and more energetic newcomers are coming up fast to take their places as seeded players of the club.

Of the new members of the club this year, Shige Yamashita, a former public court playerp roved to be the prize rookie of all. Improving their games tremendously by joining the club, and gaining valuable instruction from former "greats" of years gone by, were many olter players whose former stamping grounds were the public courts.

The Nippon Club was still another of the many sports organizations in the city which engaged in international encounters during the year. On July 1 the clubbers paid annual visit to Seattle for their match against the Nippon Tennis Club of that city. The Seattleites returned the visit they invaded the city with a large contingent on Labor Day.

BING TANAKA

Ping-Pong Goes On Expanding

Pat-pat, pat-pat! The Japanese Table Tennis League is again in full swing. Entering its fourth year of organization, the League is enjoying another season of success, under the able directorship of Bing Tanaka, tabler par excellence, B.C. Japanese champion and star of the Balderston team in the city Burrard Table Tennis League.

This year, eleven teams, six i nthe senior division and five in the junior section, are fighting for the championships of their respective leagues. Mikado, Tairiku, Fairview, Union Fish, and two teams from Gakuyukai comprise the senior set-up, while battling in the junior loop are Mikado, Kitsilano, Union Fish, Tairiku, and Maikawa.

The annual closed tournament of the league was held last month and the following champions were crowned:

Senior singles, George Yoshinaka; Senior doubles, Koichi Kaminishi - Tatsuo Kagawa; Junior singles, Yoshikazu Tsuji; Junior doubles, Takao Uyeda-I. Yamamoto.

Gaining the honor of being the first winner of a new division created this year was Rosie Kato, girl's champion.

An international series with Seattle tablers was inaugurated in the 1939-40 season when a team from the Puget Sound city visited Vancouver, and a squad from the local league in turn returned the visit. The locals proved superior in both encounters.

SKI TRAILS

T-R-A-C-K . . . Make way for the skiers! Like a gust of wind they whiz by at a terrific speed, steaming and turning down the steep slopes of the tricky mountainside. Once more the long-tiresome trails up to Vancouver's conveniently located winter playgrounds atop the majestic heights of Grouse Montain and other neighboring mountain peaks will be bustling with activity again as Old Sol makes room for Old Man Snow.

Already the hardier members of the club have enjoyed a full month of skiing on perfect ski conditions both on Grouse and Dam Mountain, but the majority of the members will not start their wholesale invasion to the mountain peak suntil next month.

Keeping step with all other line of sports, the Fuji Ski Club has kept up with the fast-stepping march of time and has gained for skiing rapid popularity as a Nisei recreation during the last couple of years.

Last year the accommodations of the Fuji Ski Club, situated midst the 100 odd ski camps on Grouse, was found too small to house the many ski enthusiasts taking up the healthful winter pastime, so it had to be enlarged to make accommodation for both boys and girls — a big development in the progress of the club.

Although the ski season has not hit its full swing yet, the many business details must be attended to, the principal one being the collection of all back dues. All members are reminded 1939-40 fees must be in by the end of the month, while 1940-41 fees are also payable. Miss Kou Higashiyama, treasurer of the club is in charge of the above matters.

Those less energetic nonmember skiers who do not wish to carry their burdensome skis up and down each time may store their skis during the season for a charge of $1.00. These skis are left at the owner's risk.

Compliments of the

New Westminster

Taiiku Sports Club

STORY

Cont'd From Page 17

Of human interest, the outstanding story is one of a Nisei girl who had the courage to climb out of the familiar deep-ly-trodden rut of Nisei existence, to venture forth for a vocational opportunity 3500 miles away from home and friends. When the C.N.R. train pulled out of Vancouver on a Sunday evening in October it took with it Edith Ikeda pioneering in a new day and new age for the Nisei.

And of tragedy, the story that moves one most is one that tells of how 17-year old Minoru Oka plunge dinto the swift-flowing waters of the Alouette to rescue 12-year-old Kazuo Mukai. Neither was seen alive again. "Greater love than this hath no man. . ." — a memorial raised in 1940 to the stuff of which Niseis are made.

GREETINGS . . . and Best Wishes

Japanese Baseball League

Vancouver, B.C.

A Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year

Powell Bakery

342 Powell St. TR 5531

GREETINGS . . . and Best Wishes

Burrard Baking Co.

205 Powell MA 9517

A Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year

S. Onizuka

1847 Main St. FA 0873

GREETINGS . . . and Best Wishes

Harry's Clothes

459 E. Hastings HI 2132

Kaz Suga Wins Baseball's "Most Valuable Player" Award For 1940

Asahis Add Two More Diamond Crowns

Well the 1940 Asahi books are closed. Checking the season's record, we find the internationally famous ball team adding two more championships, the Pacific Northwest and the Burrard League baubles, to their long and brilliant array of titles.

This was the fourth year in a row that the Asahis beat off the challenges of the Seattle Courier League representatives for the supremacy of the Pacific Northwest.

The Burrard League title was the third straight one for the perennial champions. In capturing the second leg on the E. Kagetsu championship trophy (the cup was put up for competition in 1939) the Asahis ran through their regular schedule with twenty-three victories and only four losses.

Besides their Burrard League campaign and the Northwest series, the Asahis engaged in seven exhibition tills and emerged victorious in five of them. These contests were as follows: two victories at Woodfibre, one at Mission against a strong Valley League squad, a victory and a loss at Chemainus against the powerful Chemainus All-Stars who boasted several former outstanding Terminal Leaguers in their lineup, and a win and loss against two different teams of the City Athletic Park League.

PLAYER OF THE SEASON.

Without doubt, the choice of the outstanding player of the season was the slugging slinger of the team, Kaz Suga. Suga who besides leading the mound staff with an average of .813, thirteen wins and three losses, finished the season with an amazing batting average of .490 to lead his teammates for the third year in a row and gain permanent possession of the huge Nippon Auto Supply Trophy. Kaz's average rose with each succeeding year hitting .400 in 1938 and .467 in 1939. Perhaps next year he will break the half-way mark.

And so, hats off to Kaz Suga, ball-player of the year. While handing out merits we should toss a couple of bouquets over to playing-manager Roy Yamamura. In his three years at the helm of the Asahis, he has led them to seven championships, three Pacific Northwest crowns, three Burrard League pennants and one city title.

Smiling Kaz Suga, the slugging slinger, came in a long way ahead of the rest of the boys in the "most valuable" player race. He led the mound staff with a .813 average, and the field artillery with a percentage of .490.

Bussei Baseball

Hompa Reigned Supreme Another Year

The Bussei Baseball League has now finished its fifth year of play with the powerful Hompa representatives still keeping a stranglehold on the championship of the League.

Hompa captured their fifth straight title and a second leg on the E. Kagetsu championship trophy when they nosed out their perennial rivals from Fairview in two straight playoff games after finishing the regular season in second place.

Fairview made a great bid this year to usurp the monoply of the title throne from the Hompa squad. They managed to finish on top of the champions in regular scheduled play but lost out in the final playoff series.

Even though Kitsilano, the third team in the League, failed to get into the finals, they have one consolation. One of their players, Seizo Ohashi, slugged his way to the League batting championship with a .407 average.

The custom in sports in recent years seems to be the adding of international touches by the invasion of teams from across the line. The Bussei League this year entertained their first visitor from the States, when the Bussei squad from Tacoma, one of the top teams in the Courier A League of Seattle, paid a visit to our city, only to be handed a 18-2 shellacking by the champion Hompas.

★ ★ ★

POKER NISEIANA

By R. S.

Scratch the skin of any Nisei sportsman, and you will find that he is a poker player.

Rain or shine, week-day or holiday, year in and year out, you will find that the boys will never object to a "little friendly game."

This is a game of brains, not brawn; a test of tactical manoeuvres, not a display of footwork or throwing accuracy.

Then there is the item of monetary gain that is involved, and that is the biggest come-on of all.

This is a game that a Nisei will never tire of, staying up to the wee small hours and using every ounce of energy and agility to win a couple of "fat" hands.

It is a sport, after all, because it is a test of something or other . . . even if it means to merely outsmart the opposition.

So every poker player is an athlete, and every athlete a poker player.

But there is also a little bit of science and training involved.

As played, the novice poker player cannot stack up against the seasoned veteran. We have our different classes and handicap systems. A novice would be squelched by a Minor Leaguer and would be lucky if he had his pants left if he happened to buck up against a Major Leaguer.

The main idea in poker is that the high hand wins. But there is such a thing as a bluff and that is what makes poker the game that it is. A little man with a big voice and lots of chips may "steal" a pot from one who has a better.

1. **The Average Nisei Player** is the sort of a player who wins one night and loses the next. If the cards are good, he can win, but if he is sour on his luck, he's bound to be out some mazuma at the end of the night.

2. **The Tight Player.** He won't go unless he has a high hand or a very good start. He is easily bluffed out and is satisfied with just breaking even.

3. **The Chiseler.** He always ... try to gyp a little bit. He'll be ... on the ante or short on a call ... Else, he'll try to catch a ... glimpse of the next card or the ... of his opponent.

4. **The Slicker.** He is the ... who can spring the top or bottom card as he chooses. He has an expressionless face and plays with ... the seriousness of a deacon.

5. **The Bluffer.** He always ... some kind of a raise. Usually ... wants to freeze out the opposition but ends up on the losing side. The more he loses, the larger will be his bluffs.

6. **The Actor.** This type of player usually follows two courses: ... straight act or the opposite reaction. When he is playing straight he will smile when he has a good hand or frown when he hasn't. Then he mixes it up with his opposite reaction act, meaning, when he has a good hand and laughing when he has a wash-out.

7. **The Acer.** He is a master showman and an astute student of psychology. He has a wide repertoire. He will be conservative sometimes and at other times throw caution to the winds. He has a change of pace that opponents can't figure out. He wins because he watches the reactions of his opponents and not the size of the bet. He will always study the opponents to discover certain habits or traits that will give away their hands.

But poker is a harmless but fascinating game. When the boys tally up their losses or gains for the year, they find that it usually balances. What they lose is time.

I have often thought what great accomplishments the Nisei are really capable of by watching their poker-playing habits. The time, patience, and ability spent in playing poker, if put to a productive use, would surely produce fine results.

The ability and brilliance of the Nisei is there. The next thing is to divert it into useful channels.

Best Wishes for the New Year

ROY YAMAMURA
MUTUAL LIFE ASSURANCE COMPANY
396 Powell Street MArine 1876

NIPPON AUTO SUPPLY
Corner Gore and Alexander TRinity 2899

MATSUMIYA and NOSE Ltd.
229 Powell Street MArine 7438

KUMAMOTO
Seinenkai
Vancouver, B.C.

Mikado Taxi
251 Powell TR. 2828

Yamasan
474 Alexander HI. 1034

YAMA TAXI

SEymour 1414

Greetings for the Yuletide Season

Ernie's Ice Cream Shoppe
206 MAIN STREET

New Canadian
Japanese Athletic Club
172 POWELL STREET

HOTEL WORLD
396 Powell Street SEymour 3788

Best Wishes for
A Merry Christmas
and a Happy New Year

Tanacar
515 Gore MA 1029

Shigematsu Florist
310 Powell MA 1417

Sumiyoshi Bakery
392 Powell SE 3933

Fujiwara Studios
379 Powell SE 5882

Empress Studios
438 Main
214 Powell MA 5634

Kato Shoe Store
338 Powell SE 8619

Nabata Shoe Store
356 Powell TR 4477L

Main Clothing Shop
301 Main SE 4025

Anglo-Nippon Co.
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Nagami
423 Powell HI 0612

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Soccer Soaring in Niseiville — But How About City Eleven?

In our li'l Tokyo's sportsdom, soccer is rapidly finding a place for itself among the major seasonal sports. Inaugurated only last year under the directorship of the "mighty mite" of soccer, Shadow Nakatsuka, the league now boasts an entry of eleven squads from the various localities in town and also one from New Westminster.

At the start of the season it was decided to have just one senior league as last year, but realizing the possibilities of organizing a league for youngsters and developing them into high-calibred soccer players, a call went out for junior leaguers.

Their response to the call for junior players was well rewarded, so well in fact that the league officials were able to form a seven-team loop, a number which had been beyond their expectations.

In the fast stepping senior company comprising Kitsilano Redwings, Cambie Tigers, Shadow Nakatsuka's team and the New Westminster Taikus, the enthusiasm was no less keen. Even the heavy fog which engulfed the whole city for days did not hamper their play one little bit. At present the boys from Kitsilano district are setting the pace with no defeats to date.

This year, however, one disappointment reigned among the soccer enthusiasts, the withdrawal of the Nippatsu's from the G.V.A.A. Last season they gained much recognition and popularity by upsetting many heavy opponents to capture the historic Dr. Sleeth Cup, and everyone had anticipated a continued success this year, but for some reason or another their team failed to take shape.

Let's hope next season we'll have an all-star Nisei team.

HERE'S THE 19th HOLE . . . . . . with Jimmie Suzuki

Jackson Katsukawa - Golfer of the Year

Though some of us are still faithfully digging divots, wading thru' puddles of water, all for the sake of the almighty game of golf (?) —the season for this honorable game is all over but the shouting so to speak — no more cups and tournaments until Good Friday or thereabouts in 1941. The majority will seek the comforts of the fireplace and talk of the 19th hole — that 300 yard drive on the 12th, the eagle three on the dog-leg, and the 60-foot putt on the 18th.

The dozen odd die-hards, whom nothing can stop, short of a snowstorm, will keep plugging thru' the winter, just for the love of the game — though you skeptics who don't play golf will doubt my words, and wonder how people can be so dumb as to chase a little white pill in freezing weather or driving rain — you who doubt me, I can't do anything about it but dare you to take up the game and then you won't think us too crazy.

Not only will the fireplace huddlers discuss their "miracle" shots, but in their preamble a lot of the 1940 golf season achievements will come up. The majority of them will decide that 1940 was a very successful year for the local divoters, not only in the quantity of silverware they toted back from Seattle, but also the general improvement in all departments of the Nisei golfer, even to the point that in the near future there may be a Nisei golfer who will be able to break into the inner sanctum of golfdom — a par shooter. Who this will be — there will be plenty of pros and cons — enough to keep all golfers busy with their tongues during the long dreary winter.

No one will doubt me or even dare to contradict when I say the "Golfer of the Year" is "Jackson" Katsukawa. Not only did he make a grand slam of the local events but added the Northwest crown — an event comparable to the U.S. Open or Canadian Open to the local golfers.

Still his personal success — glorious as it may seem, must take a back seat to the 1940 achievements of the Nisei golfer as a whole. Leading the pack of Nisei club wielders is Herby Tanaka, who was runner up to Katsukawa at Seattle, and in every local tourney gave the Champion a hard fought battle of every title he took.

TOP HONORS.

With the steady improvements shown by the Niseis, 1941 might be the year in which a Nisei golfer will hold top honors in local golfdom. Besides Herb Tanaka, the chief aspirants for the crown are Reg. Yasui and George Ogino. The latter made a very good showing this summer, shooting a couple of 75s for his best mark to date. With another year's seasoning he should give the top flighters plenty of opposition. Other Nisei golfers who've cracked the 80 mark are Michi Ashikawa, Mickey Maikawa and Jimmy Suzuki — the dark horses of the 1941 season.

THE YEARLINGS.

Coming up very fast in the B flight is Frankie Miyasaki — still a yearling — he was cracking 90 with monotonous regularity at the close of the season. Another B flighter who has made rapid strides is our young medico from Marpole, Doc Kuwabara. With his unorthodox swing he gives the ball an awfully long ride and usually placed well at the top in every handicap tourney, finally cashing in on the last event of the year — The Turkey Sweep — with a smashing 83.

NORTHWEST HOSTS.

Greater interest will be roused in the local community during 1941 — for next year Vancouver will be hosts to the Northwest Golfers in their annual tournament, which most probably will be staged sometime in June at Langara. The tournament is usually divided into four flights to give everybody from top-notchers to the lowly dubs a chance — so you fellows who started digging divots at Hastings this year — how about joining the club next spring and give Vancouver a record entry.

It's lots of fun and there's prizes for all — even for the worst score of the tournament!

WHO'S WHO IN GOLFDOM.

GEORGE ISOGAI—one of the pioneers of local golf — still the steadiest player in the club — winter or summer he shoots steadily in the low 80s and high 70s.

"JACKSON" KATSUKAWA — Nisei golfer of the year — turned in the lowest score to date by any Japanese at Langara — a 1 under par.

REG. YASUI — a mud horse — but a good one at that — too bad there are no tournaments of note in the winter time — he'd be a shoo-in!

GEORGE OGINO — the up and coming — at the game slightly over two years and has a couple of 75s to his credit — the man to watch next summer.

MICKEY MAIKAWA — "If I could only drive" — always experimenting with his grip — now he has it now he hasn't — anyways he's conceded the best putter so that much is to his credit.

MICHI ASHIKAWA — Saturday nights and golf don't mix very well it seems — never reached his '39 form, maybe 1941 (?).

DOC BANNO — the genial paymaster — got a swing that everybody envies — but just can't make it go.

JOE KODAIRA — short and small — but how he can wallop that pill.

FRANK MIYASAKI — "The rookie of the Year" — should be shooting steadily in the 80s next year.

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Kasuga Confectionery
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ニューカナデアン

（クリスマス及新年特別號）

新しき日の新しき務

光陰は矢の如く、そして又流るゝ水の如しとか、よく聞かされる事であるが、皇紀二千六百年の輝かしい年も日に月に、凡ゆる複雑な出來事を過去の歴史に殘して逝かうとして居り、今また皇紀二千六百一年、即ち西紀千九百四十一年の新しい年を迎へんとしてゐる。考へて見れば皇紀、西紀共に更に一年を加へて、何かしら新しい段落に踏み出して行く様に思はれる。

矢の如くまた水の如くに消え行き流れ去る月日ではあるが、その一年間は實に長いフィルムで、その中には個人的にも、家庭的にも、社會的にも、又國家的にも、そして世界的にも、凡ゆる過去の記録が保存されてゐる。我らの『ニューカナデアン』社の一年を振りかへつて見るだけでも、實に多くの足跡が殘つてゐる。

「新年」と云ふ言葉は、そうした過去の一切を矢の如くに消し、又水の如くに流して、もう一度新しく出發する機會を私共に與へて呉れるものである。私たちはそれを尊い歴史として私たちの生活の背後に保存し、それに照り合はせて、將來の發展を期する。希望に滿ちて進歩させる、そうした輝きを與へて呉れるのが新年である。所謂お正月のよろこびもそこにあると思ふ。だからして新年と云ふものは、荒れ果てた未墾の森林ではなく、木は切り倒され、根の株は掘り起され、石ころは取りのぞかれて、すつかり耕やされた、そして一つの足跡も印されて居らない土地の様なものである。

されば、今私たちが迎へようとする新年の幸の下には過去における數多の生活記録が殘されて居り、勝利の日敗北の月、喜びの朝、悲しみの夕、ひとつ／＼が忘られぬ記憶となつて、ひそんでゐる。

格言に一日の計は朝にあり、一年の計は元日にありと教へてゐるが、目標なくして進む時に迷ひ、計畫なくして行ふ時に失敗し、準備なくして戰ふ時に敗北する。お互ひにもう一度新しい生命に向つて、輝かしい記録を作らねばならない。徒らに迎へる年のみが新しいのではいけない。我らが二世新聞『ニューカナデアン』もその使命と義務を全うするために、新しい進み出す事を期待されてゐる。二世諸君に課せられた責任も又決して輕くはない。ぐづ／＼してゐては取り殘されてしまふ。うつかりと迎へられぬ新年である。

トーマス・カーライルの言葉をかりて言ふならば、

『青き東の空に太陽のぼりて新しき此の日は初まれり。限りなき永遠の世界より來りたる此の日は、夜となればもとの永遠の世界に還り去り、汝の一生において再び新しき此の日は逢ふ事を得ず。これを思はゞ誰か此の一日を無益に送り得んや。』

千九百四十一年は私たちの新しい闘ひの記録を待つてゐる。此の一年に對するあなたの進むべき道は、生み出すべき計畫は、戰ふべき準備は——と質問する前に、先づ二世唯一の機關誌である『ニューカナデアン』社は與へられたる言論の自由を戈盾に取り、正義と眞理の擁護の劍を帶び、『ニューカナデアン』の旗をひるがへして、微力ながら全力をあげ、善良なる日系市民として、常に日加親善の美しい花を咲かせ得るよう來る年も、一年、二世の叫びをつゞけ度くまた／＼向上進歩の意氣に燃えてゐるとお答へがしたい。同時に二世諸君の協力と諸先輩の指導鞭撻をお願ひするものである。

一九四一年よ幸多かれ、二世よ美しく伸びよ！

ニューカナデアン社よ、健かなれ！

新春の御多幸を祈る！

初春の光に満ちてわたつみの
うへ行く雲もめでたけれ

祝聖誕 賀新年

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祝聖誕 賀新年

昭和倶樂部

祝聖誕 賀新年

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